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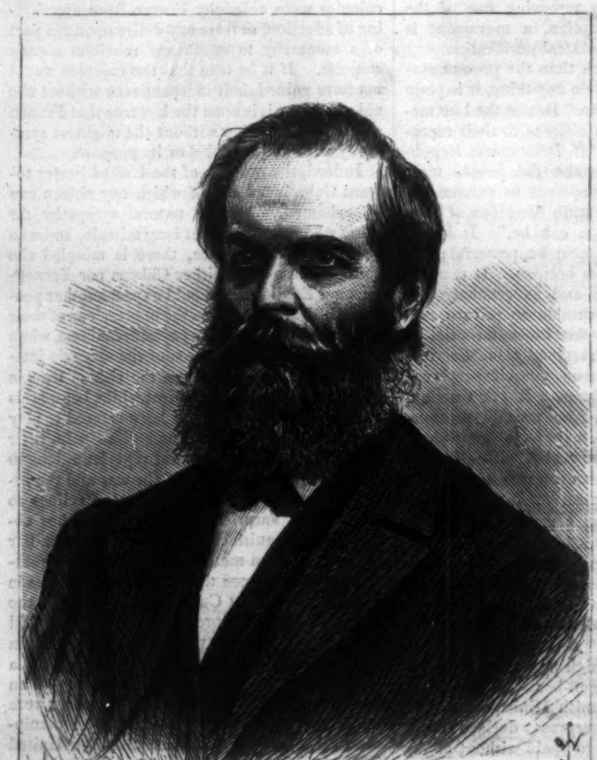
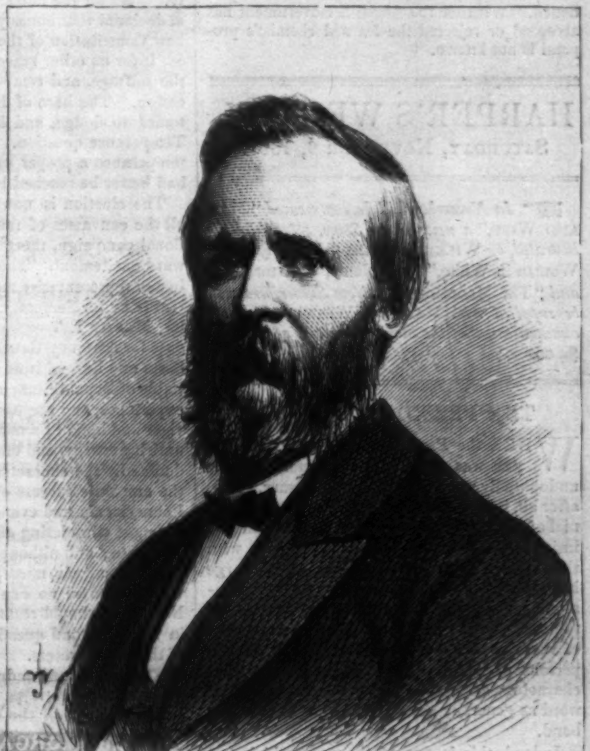


GOV. J. W. GEARY, OF PENNSYLVANIA.—[PHOT. BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHIL.]



GOV. R. B. HAYES, OF OHIO.—[PHOT. BY LEON VAN LOO.]

OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA.

THE recent elections indicate that the balance between the two parties which divide the country has not been essentially disturbed by the events of the past year. The Republican party, indeed, may be said to rest upon a firmer basis, since many who voted for General GRANT last autumn, and who then felt uncertain as to the wisdom of the choice made by their party, are now the strongest adherents of the administration. In both Ohio and Pennsylvania the elections this fall have been very close, owing to the reluctance on the part of a large class of Republicans to vote except upon important national questions.

We give on this page portraits of the Governors of these two States, who have been re-elected — JOHN W. GEARY, of Pennsylvania, and RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, of Ohio. Both of these gentlemen were distinguished in the late war; both of them entered the service at the commencement of the struggle; and, though neither of them had a West Point education, both succeeded, by energy and fidelity, in obtaining a very high rank. Governor GEARY, during his first administration of the affairs of his State, provoked great indignation among the Democrats; but, notwithstanding that fact, and although his rival in the recent canvass, Judge PACKER, was well known throughout the State as a man of strict integrity, of immense wealth, and was every where respected, yet GEARY has been re-elected by a majority of from four to five thousand.

The majority for Governor HAYES is still larger in Ohio. The Democratic candidate, GEORGE H. PENDLETON, was an advocate of repudiation, and his defeat was on that account the more certain. We have laid so much stress upon the result of the late elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania, because the elections in these two States have so long been regarded as important indications of the political sentiment of the whole country.

ST. ANN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

THE new Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Ann's, of which we give an illustration on page 709, is situated on Brooklyn Heights; it was dedicated October 21. This church association is the oldest Episcopal organization in Brooklyn. It was incorporated by the name of St. Ann's Church June 22, 1795; it had existed, however, since 1787, under the name of "The Episcopal Church of Brooklyn."

The new church, on the corner of Clinton and Livingston streets, is a master-piece of art. Messrs. RENWICK & SANDS, of New York, are the architects. Its style is what is termed the Second Pointed, which is a commingling, we believe, of the old Gothic and the Norman. The corner-stone was laid by Bishop POTTER and the Rector, Dr. SCHENCK, in May, 1867. Its dimensions are 75 feet by 126, the height from floor to roof being 90 feet. It is built of Belleville and Cleveland stone. This is the first successful attempt to interweave the Cleveland white with the Belleville brown sandstone in this style of architecture. The interior decoration is by COHN, the first polychrome painter in this country. The organ was built by HENRY ERBEN. An important feature connected with the church is its beautiful chime of eight bells.

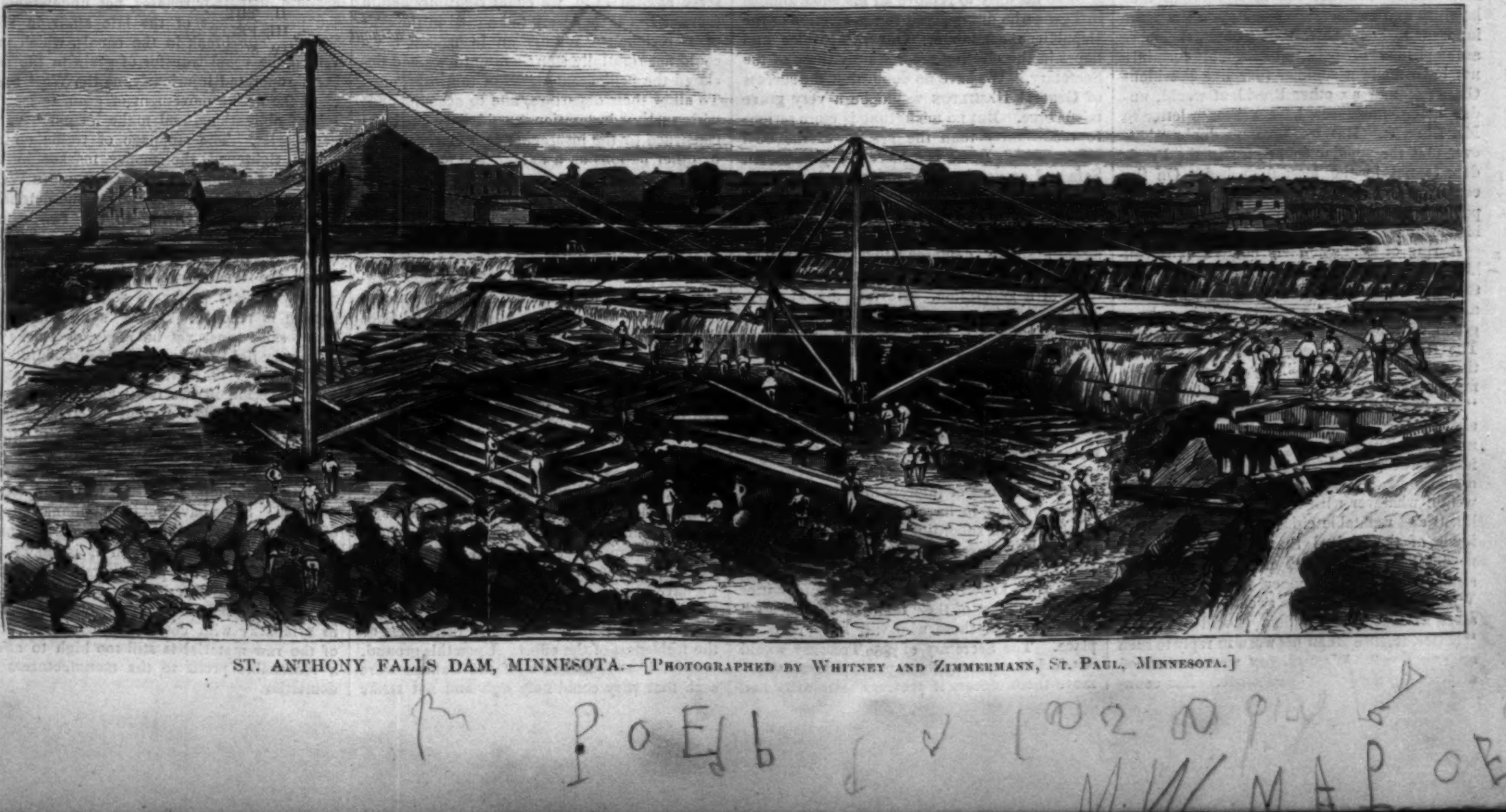
Rev. Dr. N. H. SCHENCK, the present Rector of St. Ann's, is one of the foremost men in the Episcopal ministry. He preaches extemporaneously. He is a brother-in-law of the Hon. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, of Ohio.

ST. ANTHONY FALLS DAM, MINN.

OUR illustration of St. Anthony Falls shows the workmen engaged in cutting out the rock for the purpose of putting in an apron for the water to run over. This will prevent the Falls from wearing away up-stream and leaving the mills without their motive power. St. Anthony Falls is eight miles above St. Paul. The Mississippi here has a fall of about 18 feet. The University of Minnesota is established at St. Anthony. The town contains five or six churches, about twenty stores, and numerous saw-mills, besides other mills and manufactories. The population in 1860 was 3258.

A WONDERFUL STORY.

IT is said that in the tombs of the Necropolis of ancient Egypt two kinds of mummies have been found. One is incomplete—that is to say, all organs necessary to life have been separated from them; the other, on the contrary, is quite complete. Having observed this, a Swedish chemist, Dr. Grusselbach, who has the reputation of being both great and learned, Professor at the University of Upsal, has come to the conclusion that the Egyptian mummies are not all,



ST. ANTHONY FALLS DAM, MINNESOTA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITNEY AND ZIMMERMANN, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.]

as has been said and believed for some thousands of years, bodies embalmed by any process of preservation whatever; but that they are really the bodies of individuals whose life has been momentarily suspended, with the intention of restoring them at some future time, only the secret of preservation has been lost. Professor Grusselbach adduces many proofs in support of his idea; among others, his experiments during the last ten years, which, he says, have always proved successful. He took a snake and treated it so as to benumb it as though it had been carved in marble, and it was so brittle that, had he allowed it to fall, it would have broken into fragments. In this state he kept it for one or several years, and then restored it to life by sprinkling it with a stimulating fluid, the composition of which is his secret. For fifteen years the snake has been undergoing an existence composed of successive deaths and resurrections, apparently without sustaining any harm. The Professor is reported to have sent a petition to his Government, requesting that a criminal who has been condemned to death may be given to him to treat in the same manner as the snake, promising to restore him to life in two years. It is understood that the man who undergoes this experiment is to be pardoned. Whether the Swedish Government has accepted or rejected the learned chemist's proposal is not known.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

☞ *In November will be commenced* "MAN AND WIFE," *a new Serial Story, splendidly Illustrated, by* WILKIE COLLINS *(Author of* "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," *and* "The Moonstone"). *New Subscribers will be supplied with* HARPER'S WEEKLY *from the commencement of the Story to the end of* 1870 *for* $4 00.

THE PRESIDENT'S WORD.

WHEN the President's letter to Mr. BONNER was published, the general feeling undoubtedly was that it was unnecessary. But, after all, it is very well that there was a quiet denial of the story so eagerly told and so skillfully insinuated of the President's complicity with the late conspiracy in Wall Street. The charge has since been openly made that he was virtually a partner in the shameful transactions of the gold clique; and it has become a question of veracity between the President and certain persons of whom it may be said that their characters are not above suspicion, nor their word as generally acceptable as Mr. STEWART'S bond.

Indeed, this is one of the cases which test the value of character. There are circumstances which may require an honest man to do more than admit or deny, and which may authorize him to enter into elaborate explanations. But they do not exist here. Party violence and individual unscrupulousness may assert and hint and wonder and deplore, but if General GRANT'S simple word is not enough to dispose of this matter in the minds of honest men, no evidence would avail. General GRANT has been in full view of his countrymen for the last seven years. His character is certainly as simple as his services are great. Incessantly and malignantly slandered, as every candidate for the Presidency and every President must be, deliberate falsehood has not been charged upon him, although it was implied by ANDREW JOHNSON, whom the country thoroughly understands. Unsuspicious, and therefore careless of appearances, General GRANT is the very man not to consider the interpretation that hostility and malice may place upon the most innocent actions. Mr. VAN BUREN, the most accomplished of politicians, would certainly not have made a summer tour like President GRANT'S; and no other President would, under the circumstances, have written a letter to Mr. BONNER. But we have no doubt whatever that the popular confidence in the President is not in the least disturbed. On the contrary, General GRANT is stronger in the popular heart to-day than at any time since his election.

A ring of gold gamblers now virtually call him a liar. Such an allegation from such persons affects the President's good name as much as an insult offered to a lady in Broadway by a group of rowdies at a corner, and no more. The Ring may multiply apparent corroborations, they may vary their cry, the newspapers may deprecate and declaim, and announce that "this is a most damaging array of facts, if the allegations are to be accepted as true;" they may call for "a better defense" than the President's word. Defense against what? Against a charge made by persons whose word has no weight whatever with the great mass of intelligent and reputable citizens, that, being President of the United States, General GRANT used his knowledge and employed his official authority to make money in a conspiracy. What success could be so sweet to the conspirators as that the President should attempt a "better defense" than his word in reply to such an assertion? WASHINGTON was accused of debauching the public conscience. His country believed it just as much as it believes that GRANT was an accomplice in the late gold conspiracy, whose designs he is known to have frustrated.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION AT HAND.

GENERAL SIGEL made a speech at Albany last week amidst great enthusiasm. In direct and decisive sentences he declared for the fair play which it is the great object of the Republican party to secure. "If a man may be denied the right of voting because he is black, I may be deprived of the same right because I am a German." "The laws must be made without distinction of color, race, or religion." "The true American citizen will not bear the character of a Yankee or a Frenchman, of an Irishman or a German; but will unite the power of the American, the energy of the French, the activity of the Celt, the steadiness of the Teuton. The party that adopts these ideas, whether Republican or Democratic, is my party." As for the financial question, the General declared that honesty is the best policy. The new Constitution of the State should be adopted, if for no other reason than that it equalizes the suffrage, and removes the property qualification. The hero of Pea Ridge is not accustomed to dodge, and he spoke plainly of the Temperance question. "I do not consider intemperance a proper subject for legislation: it had better be reached by reformatory means."

The election is now close at hand. As in all the canvasses of the year following the national campaign, there has not been much outward excitement. The Republicans have nominated representative men. Besides SIGEL and GREELEY for Secretary of State and Comptroller, MARTIN I. TOWNSEND, of Troy, the candidate for Attorney-General, is known through the State and beyond it as one of the most indomitable of Republicans; a lawyer of great ability, experience, and success; an orator of inspiring vigor and humor; a man of unquailing spirit, of untiring energy, and of spotless character. Undoubtedly the character of the candidates, with the emphatic success of the party in Ohio and Pennsylvania and ever-faithful Iowa, have had the most stimulating effect upon our friends in the State; and although a party which was defeated last year must not be too sanguine, it would surprise no one if the Republicans of New York should resume control of the State, in which beyond question they are a majority of the lawful voters.

The unchanged and unchangeable character of the Democratic party is shown in the renomination of all the candidates of the ring. The ring in this city has set aside Judge CLERKE, one of the ablest and most upright of Democratic judges, and has re-nominated Judge M'CUNN, whom to name is to describe. Is not this nomination alone sufficient to satisfy any hesitating citizen of the spirit and policy that he sustains by voting for Democratic ascendency? Of course in the city such candidates will be elected. But the power that controls the city nominated Mr. HOFFMAN, and to serve the purposes of that power, Mr. HOFFMAN, as Mayor, issued the proclamation protecting frauds last year, and, as Governor, signed the Erie bill. Is it the Tammany ring that is expected to oppose corruption, and promote economy, and insist upon honesty in administration? Let those who think so vote with the ring on Tuesday.

A NECESSARY REFORM.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has thought it to be his duty to remove all his subordinates in Texas who are opposed to the election of the Republican candidate. Our sympathies and hopes in the election are certainly those of the Secretary. We have no doubt that the success of General HAMILTON would be a very grave misfortune. But no misfortune is more serious to the country than the system of the civil service which make it a mere party machine. Safe and economical government is utterly impossible if our present practice is to continue. The service of the country is prostituted by it to the supposed interests of a party, and the most absolute demoralization is inevitable. The Secretary, of course, may plead the traditions of a generation. He may ask whether, if the party in power can supply honest and capable officers, it is not fair to put them in the places of those who already fill the offices, and so maintain a unity of sentiment and an harmonious support of the policy which the people have approved.

The reply to this ancient and usual remark is, that such a system necessarily tends to a disregard of honesty and capacity, and invites the officers to a kind of interest in elections which they ought not to have. Why is it desirable to change the subordinate officers of the civil service? Because they are desperate partisans. But why are they desperate partisans? Because they know that their bread and butter and the comfort of their families depend upon the success of those who will keep them in place. The Secretary of the Treasury would not find it necessary for a party purpose to remove those officers if previous secretaries had not done the same thing. If the clerks in the service were not made partisans by the system they would attend quietly to the duties for which they are paid, and they and the country would be tranquil and satisfied. Is not party spirit furious enough already, that we must diligently study to exasperate it still further?

The President has not been trained as a political partisan, and he can see this subject without the prejudices unavoidable by those who have been. He can see that, although ours is a government of party, there are considerations which party must respect or the common welfare be constantly imperiled. And the subject is one of such vital importance that we hope it may be recommended by him to the most serious consideration of Congress. That would commend it also to the most attentive reflection of the country. As the *Nation* truly says, the present difficulty is the public apathy upon the subject arising from the consciousness that a law on paper is of no use, and that as it would be administered by the same old politicians there would be really nothing gained. But by removing one of the great sources of corruption, a movement is made toward general political purification.

Nothing can be worse than the present system, and if nobody will do any thing, it is plain that nothing will be done. But as the late memorial of Philadelphia citizens to their representatives declares: "If Democratic Republicanism be not a mistake the people must show themselves as competent to enforce the performance of the routine functions of government as a despotism can be." It is not enough that a government be powerful; the worst governments have been so. It must be thrifty and sagacious; and as economy and good sense are indispensable to private success, so they must be felt to be essential to public prosperity. Undoubtedly the Secretary of the Treasury found himself perplexed by the situation in Texas. But his action, against which the *Tribune* warmly protests, however necessary it may have seemed to him, must certainly show him, with all other good citizens, the imperative necessity of the reform of the Civil Service.

CUBAN BELLIGERENCY.

As we write, the Spanish gun-boats are still detained, and there has been no addition to the actual public knowledge of the intentions of the Administration. An article in the *Tribune* suggests that a "high public functionary" has proposed that the gun-boats be released at the demand of the Spanish Minister, and that simultaneously the Government declare that it can not render this aid to Spain without giving Cuba comfort by recognition of the belligerent rights of the revolutionists. The *Tribune* asks whether Spain could take exception to this policy. But what ought the United States to say upon the subject? This proposition suggests a new kind of neutrality, which consists in helping both sides. But, as we have before said, however unfortunate for the Cuban cause our neighborhood to the island, and consequent convenience to Spain, may be, the recognition of belligerent rights proceeds upon very different grounds.

While the United States are at peace with Spain, the citizens or the government of that country may undoubtedly order a fleet of gun-boats to be built in New York. Nor can we properly prevent their departure, unless we have proof that they are to be employed in hostilities against a nation with which we are at peace, or in a war in which we have declared our neutrality. If, therefore, the gun-boats were to serve against Peru, we could rightfully detain them. But if they were to be used in the port of Barcelona to repress an insurrection, we could not rightfully stop them until we had declared the belligerent rights of the insurgents. To allow their departure, and to accompany it with such a declaration, would very justly be construed by the insurgents as a mockery, and by other nations as a folly. For to recognize belligerency at the moment when we know that the assailed government has acquired fresh means of subduing the revolt is to disregard the vital facts upon which the whole system of neutrality rests.

To apply these principles to the Cuban situation, it is very plain that the duration and character of the revolution, the extent and force of the revolutionary sentiment, and the evident power of the revolutionary government are such as to justify the recognition of belligerent rights to-day, or they are not. If they are not, how can the conditions and prospects of the revolution be so improved by the increase of the Spanish navy as to authorize such recognition? But if they are, why not declare our neutrality to-day, and forbid the departure of the fleet, which was detained, as is alleged, under suspicion of another destination? If the reason of our recognition of belligerent rights is sympathy with a people fighting for independence, we have had the reason ever since the outbreak of the Cuban revolution, and it is a reason which should be the more persuasive in the degree of the feebleness of the effort. Upon this ground, indeed, if the weakness of the Cubans were such that they could only sigh and not strike for liberty, the United States ought to have delivered them. But this is to authorize the United States to interfere wherever they choose in the affairs of other nations, and to invite other nations to interfere at pleasure in ours: a policy which would destroy peace and liberty and progress every where.

It seems to be assumed by the Cubans who remain at some distance from the front of the revolutionary line that the United States will be responsible if the revolution fails. The honest and rigorous enforcement of our neutrality laws they regard as a measure of malignant hostility to Cuban liberty; and there have been the bitterest denunciations of our cold, commercial, selfish spirit; of our recreancy to our own principles and forgetfulness of our own history. But a proper enforcement of laws designed for the general welfare of civilization does not show a peculiarly selfish spirit, while the American principle has always been that they who would be free must themselves strike the blow. Nor will any intelligent friend of Cuba allege that the American revolutionary colonies were aided by France from any feeling of affection, or from any desire upon the part of a monarchy to encourage rebellion among subjects. If it be true that the colonies would not have gained their independence without the aid of France, it is none the less true that France aided the revolution without the slightest sympathy with its principles or its purpose.

Indeed, the position of the United States toward Cuba is not one of which any citizen can be ashamed. With a natural sympathy for those who protest against long misrule, and who strive for independence, there is mingled the consciousness that neither Cubans nor Frenchmen nor Englishmen should expect another people to liberate them from the oppressions of their own governments; and a perfect readiness, when the character and progress of the struggle justify the measure, to assume the risk of trouble by declaring neutrality. Meanwhile, before this appears, the United States have refused to play false with their own laws and with Spain, their ally; but have made earnest representations to Spain, looking to the end of the war and the independence of Cuba. That Spain declines to yield is not surprising. No one who has observed the Spanish character, or who is familiar with the modern method of settling such questions, could suppose that Spain would concede of its own will that Cuba was victorious in the field. It was to be presumed that Spain would demand an armistice, which leaves the question of force unsettled, and require a vote, while Cuba would naturally doubt the practicability of an honest vote, and would always feel, if there were a general disarmament and an election manipulated by Spanish residents, that the United States had bound her hands and betrayed her.

The result of the "tender of good offices" would, therefore, be favorable to Cuba. For it would leave upon the Spanish mind the impression that, while the United States would honestly respect their own laws and treaties, and would not recognize Cuban belligerency until they were justified in recognition by the law and practice of nations, yet that the sympathies of the country were with Cuba. That this has been the result is unquestionable. Apparently the struggle will continue, and the United States will recognize Cuban belligerency when the facts of the situation, and not American sympathies, authorize the recognition.

TRADE—HOW IT HAS BEEN DISTURBED.

DOMESTICS and fancy dress goods have been marked down out of concession to buyers, who hesitate in their purchases, not understanding the precise effect of the late affair in Wall Street. The break in the canals, which prevented the usual transfer of grain to the seaboard, operated injuriously, as the West relies upon the active movement of grain to free itself of obligations, and make its purchase of necessaries. The stoppage of traffic on the canals tightened the money market in the West, as the money borrowed to move Western produce became due during the detention of canal-boats. Owing to the two causes trade has been much shortened, as purchases are made to supply only immediate wants. When the tendency of prices is downward, country dealers prefer to wait until the full decline is reached. There is no doubt that heavy sales must yet be made, as stocks remain very light in the hands of distributors.

The policy of marking down goods at so early a period in the fall trade is very questionable. It makes a great difference whether this is done when fifty per cent. of stocks remain unsold, or it is delayed to clean out the residue after the season is nearly over. A leading manufacturer led the way, and others followed. Sales have not been enhanced by it; on the contrary, it has been regarded as a confession of weakness, and it is taken advantage of by many purchasers. So far as concerns some descriptions of domestics, it was scarcely possible to prevent a reduction in sympathy with cotton, although the price of the raw material is still too high to afford a reasonable profit to the manufacturers of domestics.

The failure of an important house, supposed to have arisen from a demand for margins made when gold had reached a high point in the late speculations, has tended somewhat to unsettle prices, as it is not known how far into the mercantile ranks these losses, occurring in the ordinary course of business, may have reached. Importers, who buy for gold and sell for currency, find that their business partakes more or less of speculation, except they buy gold as fast as sales are made. The house in question borrowed gold expecting that it would fall, and had to meet the market at an excessive rate. The complications arising from the late speculations affect almost all business in a greater or less degree. A case which has come to our knowledge illustrates this difficulty.

A commission merchant in New York, in executing a foreign order for the purchase of cotton or breadstuffs at a given limit in price, must at the time of the purchase adjust several points:

1. The price of the merchandise in currency.
2. The rate of freight to be paid in the foreign market in their currency.
3. The rate at which his draft or bill of exchange on the foreign merchant can be sold, payable in gold.
4. The rate at which he can turn the gold into currency, so as to be able to pay for the cotton or breadstuffs.

Dealers in this trade, having arranged for buying wheat or cotton on foreign account, sometimes, owing to the condition of the market, sell the gold which they expect to receive for exchange. For this purpose they ordinarily borrow it from a broker, putting up, for the time being, the currency price. Through the New York Gold Exchange Bank these operations were easily managed. If no change occurred in the market rate there would be no difference to adjust between the borrower and lender; and if not closed, which was at the option of either party, the transaction was renewed from day to day.

On the day preceding the late panic a merchant who had bought a cargo of wheat, desiring to avail himself of the then high quotation for gold, sold through his broker, A, to another broker, B, $25,000 gold at 143½. The following day (Friday) this broker, A, in order to complete the transaction, borrowed this amount of gold from a firm, C, lodging with them the currency proceeds at 143.

Owing to the great decline in gold which occurred on Friday—after its rapid advance to 160, 162½—the firm, C, with whom the currency was lodged, became embarrassed.

At this time the merchant, finding that the wheat was not equal to sample, canceled the purchase of wheat, and at the same time, to enable him in part to deliver the $25,000 gold, purchased $15,000 at 135. Before the residue was purchased it was found that B, to whom it was to be delivered, could not pay for it, and the sale was canceled by B paying the merchant 2¾ per cent. in gold.

In this stage of the business the firm, C, unable to deliver over the currency, obliged the merchant to take $25,000 gold at 135, while the market price was then only 130—the firm, C, paying the merchant the difference in currency between 135 and 143—and the borrowing transaction was canceled. Thus the latter becomes the unwilling purchaser of $25,000 gold at 135, which, added to his previous purchase of $15,000 at 135, makes in all $40,000 in gold at 135, less the amount received in compromise from broker, B, which, on $25,000, reduces the cost to about 133½.

This is by no means an isolated case. Many of the firms engaged in exporting produce have made such losses; and yet they were conducting business not supposing that they were speculating in gold, or that it was liable to any extreme fluctuations. The authors of this mischief, which has affected the trade of the country in a most serious manner, ought to be condemned in all quarters. But yet some of them *appear* to be rewarded with new honors.

The power conferred last winter by the Legislature to classify the Directors of the Erie Railroad, so that only five shall go out in any one year, was not used until after the election for Directors, which occurred about the middle of October. If there had been any prospect of a doubtful contest there is no question but that the classification would have been made in advance of the election. It is probable that the *right* to make it then applicable was used to bring the stockholders into harmony with those who could not be divested of full control; and this accomplished, the process of excluding five was postponed for a year. A few, unable to stand any longer the public censure, resigned; and it appears that the Board is now largely filled with the clique which is understood to have made the raid upon Wall Street, and probably with employés in the offices of the Company. On looking at the classification it would appear to have been made in the inverse order in which public confidence is felt, and with the certainty that the grasp upon the road will never be loosened until the judiciary of the State shall send what remains, after its juices have been extracted, to a Receiver. Its life can be postponed only by issuing bonds convertible into stock, and selling the latter in some secret and illegal manner to the gamblers of Wall Street, who will hope to put it upon the public, and thus augment the great scandal upon the American name which the full history of this road will inevitably inflict.

The effect of the raid upon Wall Street, though seriously damaging, can not have the general results upon the finances of the country which many suppose. We have often shown that, as the credit circulation of the United States is a fixed quantity—being about seven hundred millions in greenbacks, National Bank notes, and fractional notes—no panic can arise of magnitude until this circulation becomes generally discredited. No one supposes that such a dilemma is at hand; on the contrary, very few show any want of confidence in the present system. Business will always be disturbed by the variation in demand, which calls for money in one portion to move cotton, and in another to move wheat, and then to be at the sea-board to aid in making shipments; and it must be borne in mind that the South must retain more money than usual to enable it to conduct its enlarged industries, and that California is likely to become debauched with paper-money, now that the Pacific Railroad makes the East and the West one people.

But, notwithstanding that this augmented demand for money in new quarters drains it from accustomed depositories at New York and elsewhere, it must return whenever the demand is more urgent here than in other localities. In 1837 and in 1857 there was a large diminution of the quantity of money, arising from the export of gold and silver to foreign countries. Now, we repeat, the quantity is fixed, its circulation is limited to the United States, and, instead of having to draw our means of paying debts from abroad, as we were obliged to do in 1837 and 1857, we have only to bid enough for it by telegraph, and our express companies deliver it before any time transaction can mature.

If these circumstances had received their due consideration, a serious fall in the price of goods would not have occurred; and as there is a larger demand abroad for cotton and grain than this country can supply, there must necessarily be a corresponding activity in the distribution over the country of goods of every description accumulated at the sea-board and at our manufacturing establishments.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF NEW YORK.

In every point in which the proposed Constitution of the State of New York can be compared with the present one it is an improvement. The chief blot of the existing Constitution—the electoral disqualification on account of color—is wholly removed by the new one. The fatal defect of an elective judiciary is not indeed entirely removed, but provision is made for a submission of the question to the people. The improvement of the Legislature is sought by lengthening Senatorial terms and extending Assembly districts. To guard the purity of the ballot-box, the registry is to be more stringent. And there is an admirable article to repress bribery and corruption. So important an improvement do the leading lawyers of all parties in the State consider the new Judiciary article that they have united in a recommendation to the people to adopt it. The most distinguished Democratic lawyers in the Convention heartily supported the article in debate, and they are not to be diverted from the advocacy of a real reform in the administration of justice by the hostility of the Democratic Convention.

The new Constitution has been generally published, but we suppose very little read or considered. The long session of the Convention, and the sharp censure which it received for delay from the chief organ in the State of the party under whose auspices it assembled, alienated the public sympathy, and its work was prejudged. Yet the duration of the Convention was inseparable from its nature and from the work it was to do. A popular assembly, to revise the fundamental law of a State like New York, can not do its duty in a week or month; for to the majority of its members very many of the topics presented are necessarily new. Certainly it was a body in which each party in the State had many of its able men, and in no political assembly composed of different parties has there ever been greater mutual courtesy and good feeling. Its labors resulted in a very great improvement of the present Constitution by changes and additions, and the people of New York ought to accept the work.

NOTES.

The defeat of Andrew Johnson as Senator from Tennessee is a subject of general congratulation. It is not conceivable that he would have said or done a single wise thing in that position; and if the Opposition must elect a Senator it is desirable that he should be at least intelligent and courteous, qualities which the warmest friends of Mr. Johnson will hardly claim for him. If it were not for the condition of Senator Brownlow's health this defeat would undoubtedly be the political demise of the ex-President. But whether he reappears in public life or not, his name and career will always be a warning to the Republicans. There is something politically wiser than superficial expediency. The nature, character, habits, and training of a man are more powerful than any apparent change of opinion. They will control him in the long-run, and the party which would intrust him with place and power must not be surprised if he utterly deceives it. If the Republican party had selected a candidate for the Presidency in 1864 for the same reasons that persuaded them to nominate Andrew Johnson for the Vice-Presidency, where should we be to-day? Character is as much more valuable than profession in politics as it is in every other sphere; and if Andrew Johnson serves to impress that great truth upon party managers he will have been of real service to the country.

The *Evening Mail* makes a statement in regard to the original publication by Messrs. Harper & Brothers of Mr. R. H. Dana, Jun.'s, "Two Years Before the Mast," and prefaces it by the remark that, "The following is said to be Mr. Dana's own account." It is simply impossible that it should be Mr. Dana's account, for every important assertion in the statement is untrue. Nothing is easier than the invention of stories concerning the relations between authors and publishers; and nothing is more difficult than to ascertain the exact facts, which are solely the business of the parties.

The New York *Times*, in a recent article rejoicing that the State Senate had "been purified by the rejection of three of its most notorious members, Mattoon, Williams, and Van Petten," proceeded to remark that the reflections of these persons might be shared by others, and mentioned among them ex-Senator Hale, of Essex. If the *Times* had said ex-Senator Campbell, of Oneida, its remark would not have been more astounding; and it hastened the next day to correct itself by stating the simple truth, that Mr. Hale was not renominated in Essex because he has left the county to reside in Albany. The *Times* added: "The objections to his course grew out of the contest for the United States Senatorship, and in no manner affected the uprightness of his character or the purity of his conduct. As the author of the stringent Bribery bill of last session, he excited himself to check in the only effectual way the corruption which has disgraced both branches of the Legislature." Until this unfortunate slip of the pen of the *Times*, which has always borne willing testimony to the ability and devotion of ex-Senator Hale to the public service, no word was ever breathed upon his good name; and the honorable alacrity with which the *Times* corrected the error shows its regret at its mistake. But no correction ever quite repairs such a mischief, and we allude to the matter now that those who may have seen the charge only may also know that it was instantly withdrawn. There has been no man in public life in the State of a more stainless honor than Matthew Hale.

Democratic and Republican lawyers unite to recommend the Judiciary article in the new Constitution. In the Convention the best men of all parties supported it. No discussion was abler or more prolonged than that upon this article, and the people of the State may be sure that it is a reform agreeable to the interests of justice and the public, if not of the ring.

Postmaster-General Creswell, a most vigorous and efficient officer, is engaged in a negotiation which will be of signal public service, and secure for his administration of the Department an honorable remembrance. On the 1st of January, 1868, the single rate of postage between the United States and Great Britain was reduced from twenty-four cents to twelve. Mr. Creswell now proposes, if he can persuade the British Government, to make us a New Year's gift, on the 1st of January, 1870, of a further reduction from twelve to six cents. This would be practically an ocean penny postage; and it is a change that would be hailed with the greatest satisfaction in both countries.

Professor Plympton, the new Professor of Natural Philosophy and Mechanics in the Cooper Union, which may truly be called the College of the People, will deliver his inaugural address in the large hall on the 30th of October, at 8 p.m. His lectures will be given in the mechanical lecture-room every evening in the week, except Saturday and Sunday, at 7¾ p.m., and will be free to all who may choose to attend.

The Church Union, a religious weekly published in this city, has assumed a new name. It is now *The Christian Union*. The aim of this new journal—namely, "the presentation of essential Christian truth, advocating, in the spirit of Christian love and liberty, the fellowship and co-operation of Christians of every name"—is indeed commendable. This journal contains sixteen pages, cut and stitched, and is easily handled. Besides the editorials, lecture-room talks, and contributed articles of Henry Ward Beecher, it contains also contributions from well-known and eminent writers, household stories, general correspondence, and a careful summary of domestic and foreign religious intelligence. Its circulation has more than doubled during the past month, since Mr. Beecher's identification with its interest.

The great national exposition of the progress of the industrial arts, which has been held in this city for several weeks under the auspices of the American Institute, closes Saturday, October 30. We are pleased to learn that it has been very successful.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Father Hyacinthe on Sunday, the 24th, attended the French Catholic Church early in the morning, after which he went to Plymouth Church and heard Henry Ward Beecher, by whom he was cordially welcomed at the close of the service. Père Hyacinthe has been dispossessed of all his monastic charges.

The Virginia Legislature, October 18, elected Lieutenant-Governor Lewis and Judge Johnston United States Senators.

The Tennessee Legislature, on October 22, elected Henry Cooper to be United States Senator in place of Fowler, whose term expires in March, 1871. Ex-President Johnson was defeated, Cooper receiving 55 votes and Johnson 51.

The official majority of Governor Geary, in Pennsylvania, is 4596. Judge Williams's majority is 8703.

Hayes's majority for Governor, in Ohio, is 8078. The Republicans have secured a majority of one in the Senate and three in the House.

The annual reunion of the Army of the Tennessee is to take place at Louisville, Kentucky, November 17 and 18.

The Western Members of Congress, it is stated, are generally favorable to the removal of the capital out West. A test vote is expected to take place on a proposition for an appropriation to erect new buildings for the State and War Departments.

The privateer *Cuba*, at Wilmington, was libeled on October 19 by the United States courts, and surrendered to the gun-boat *Frolic*. Captain Higgins was held as a prisoner of war, and the crew were put ashore.

Alexander H. Stephens has been confined to his house since last February by illness. He has little hope of ever leaving home again.

Chicago has just organized a Stock Exchange.

The New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects gave their annual exhibition and reception on the night of the 19th ult., at their new rooms, 925 Broadway. The feature of the evening was the inauguration of the Architectural Library of the City of New York, under the auspices of the Chapter.

In Southwest Colorado a party of mountaineers recently discovered the bones of six men and forty-six horses, which are supposed to be the remains of a portion of one of General Fremont's exploring parties, lost twenty years ago.

A statue of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, October 21, with imposing ceremonies. Mr. A. A. Low presided, and Rev. Dr. Storrs delivered the oration.

Two distinct shocks of earthquake were felt in New England on the morning of October 22, Boston, Worcester, and several other towns in other portions of the Eastern States being shaken to such an extent that the people were greatly frightened, although not hurt.

The new postage stamps have been designed by the Bureau of Engraving, and are said to be a great improvement on the old ones and on those now in use. President Grant's head is to be on them.

Thomas Ewing, Sen., was taken suddenly ill in the Supreme Court Chamber at Washington on the 22d ult., while somewhat excitedly arguing a case in which he had been counsel for twenty-five years.

John Swanson, proprietor of an extensive cotton factory, near Stockholm, Sweden, has just purchased 12,000 acres of land in Dunklin and Stoddard counties, Missouri, where he will establish colonies, build factories, mills, etc., and carry on the cultivation and manufacture of cotton. The enterprise will give employment to 1300 families, part of whom are on the way from Sweden, and the rest will soon follow.

Musters 21 and 23 of the Roll of Honor, just issued by the War Department, show that nearly 14,000 Union soldiers are interred in the national cemetery near Memphis, Tennessee, of whom 4200 are colored; 9000 are interred at Chalmatte, Louisiana; 16,675 at Marietta, Georgia, Fort Donelson, Chattanooga, Murfreesborough, Stone River, and Knoxville, Tennessee.

At the recent election in California for Judges of the Supreme Court the Democratic candidates were successful by a large majority.

The Congressional Select Committee on American Navigation Interests, which has just held sessions in this city, Boston, and Portland, Maine, visited Fall River, Massachusetts, on Friday, and there adjourned, to meet in Philadelphia on the first Tuesday in December. We learn that the questions before the Committee were finally narrowed down to three distinct propositions, one or all of which will probably be recommended to Congress. These are: Remission of all duties on materials entering into the construction of ships; the permitting of foreign ships to be purchased and admitted to American register; and the granting of subsidies to steam-ship lines, as well in the domestic as in the foreign trade. This last measure was recommended to the Committee as indispensable to the growth of our mercantile steam marine.

Governor Holden, of North Carolina, has been compelled to issue a proclamation threatening the enforcement of martial law in Lenoir, Jones, Orange, and Chatham counties, unless the disturbances which have for some time prevailed therein shall cease. Thefts and murders have been committed; jails broken open; officers of the law assassinated; and colored men hanged. Indeed, civil law has been put at defiance, and there is no security for life and property.

The far-famed Coliseum of Boston was drawn at a lottery October 23.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Upon the capture of Valentia by the Government troops the Spanish Republicans appear to have given up. As soon as their defeat was certain General Prim declared himself a Monarchist. The Duke of Montpensier now appears to have the fairest chance of succeeding to the Spanish throne. General Prim has declared in the Cortes that should any decrees of the Papal Church prove hostile to the Spanish Constitution they will be declared null and void.

Three thousand more troops have been ordered to Cuba to assist in quelling the insurrection.

Mail advices from Nassau state that the steamer *Lillian*, which sailed with an expeditionary force from Florida for Cuba, has been captured by the British gun-boat *Lapwing* and taken into Nassau, where she was released by the authorities under the ruling of the Attorney-General that she could not legally be held.

The Papal Army at Rome was reinforced by the arrival of 96 recruits from Canada, October 20.

Hon. William H. Seward arrived at Manzanilla October 7. He was there met by the Governor of Colima, who, in the name of President Juarez, gave him a cordial welcome as the guest of Mexico.

In the Republic of Mexico there are now 2000 miles of telegraph in operation. Six railroads are in progress, and 240 miles of railroad are in active operation.

The greatest Catholic procession ever witnessed in Montreal took place October 17—over 30,000 people participating in the demonstration. This was on the occasion of the removal of the relics of St. Seno from Bondecours church to the Bishop's palace.

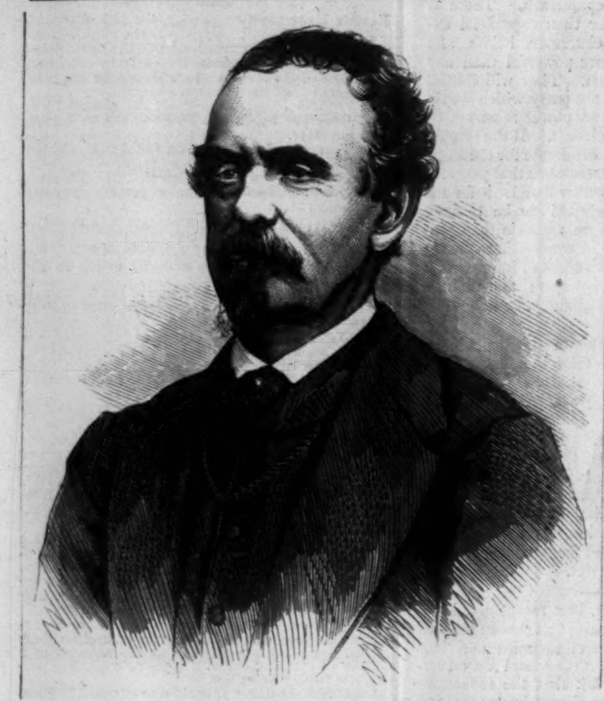
It now seems to be certain that the Suez Canal will have to be deepened before it can be of much service to commerce.

The Gladstone Cabinet refuses an amnesty to the revolutionary political prisoners in Ireland.

The Earl of Derby died on the morning of October 23, in his 71st year.

The cholera has made fearful ravages in India during the past summer. Since 1858 there has been no hot season so fatal to European residents.

A temple has been recently erected in Calcutta by the Brahmo Somaj—a religious organization founded thirty years ago by an educated Bengalee, who despised the faith of his native country and was opposed to idolatry, but who at the same time doubted the claims of Christianity. The service of this new temple consists merely of hymns, prayers, meditations, conversations, and readings.



HON. JOHN R. BRADY.

Hon. JOHN R. BRADY.

The unanimous nomination of the Hon. **John R. Brady** for Justice of the Supreme Court, by the Convention of the Democratic party of this city, is a well-deserved tribute to the capacity and integrity of one of the ablest and most highly-esteemed gentlemen on the Bench. Judge **Brady** was first elected to the Common Pleas in 1856. In 1862 he was re-elected, having received first the unusual compliment of the Republican nomination, and subsequently of every political organization in the city. He was consequently unanimously elected. In 1867 he was re-elected by a majority of nearly 60,000. Judge **Brady** was not an aspirant for the nomination that has just been tendered him, being satisfied with his present position in the Common Pleas. The nomination sought him, not he the nomination. Indeed, he positively declined to be a candidate against Judge **Clerke**, and only when it had been determined by the Tammany leaders not to renominate that gentleman did he yield to the urgent solicitations of friends of all parties, and accept. During the war Judge **Brady** was among the first to proclaim his unswerving devotion to the Union. During his service of fourteen years on the Bench he has enjoyed the respect of the bar and the community, alike for the purity of his personal character and his ability and integrity as a Judge.

THE NEW FISH MARKET.

The new building erected at Fulton Ferry for a Fish Market is now nearly completed; it was opened for business on October 25. The old fish market, on the same site, was a nuisance; but the new structure is an ornament to that portion of the city. The building is of wood; it is 193 feet long by 63 feet wide, and is two stories high. The roof is surmounted by three cupolas, each supporting a flag-staff, as shown in our sketch; and the front has three gables. There are eighteen entrances, each having a solid door with a large window above it. The interior is admirably arranged for the purposes of a market. The walls are painted a drab color, and the ceiling light blue. The cost of the building is $120,000.

This market is erected by the Fulton Market Fishmongers' Association, incorporated during the present year, and is devoted exclusively to wholesale business, supplying all the retail dealers of New York and adjacent cities, and furnishing large quantities of fish to distant cities. Two hundred and fifty vessels are employed in the fisheries of this market; and there are frequently discharging at the same time from fifteen to twenty vessels, each having from 15,000 to 25,000 pounds of fish on board. The fishing-grounds extend from Cape May to Cape Sable. Lobsters are caught from Cape Cod to the northern coast of Maine. The green turtles displayed for sale in the market are not taken by vessels specially fitted out for the business, but are brought to New York on fruit vessels from the West India Islands and Florida. The Fishmongers' Association leased the land along East River on which their market is built for $5000 per year, with the right of using one half of the basin at the rear of the building, the Association agreeing to keep the pier in repair.

An elegant entertainment was given on the evening of October 18 in the market, by the Association, as a formal opening of the institution. Among the prominent gentlemen present were Rev. H. W. **Beecher**, Rev. **Hyatt Smith**, Rev. Mr. **Hammond**, Rev. Mr. **Gallagher**, General **Storms**, Colonel **Thomas Devoe**, and many officials of the city government. A magnificent supper was provided, and dancing was kept up until a late hour.

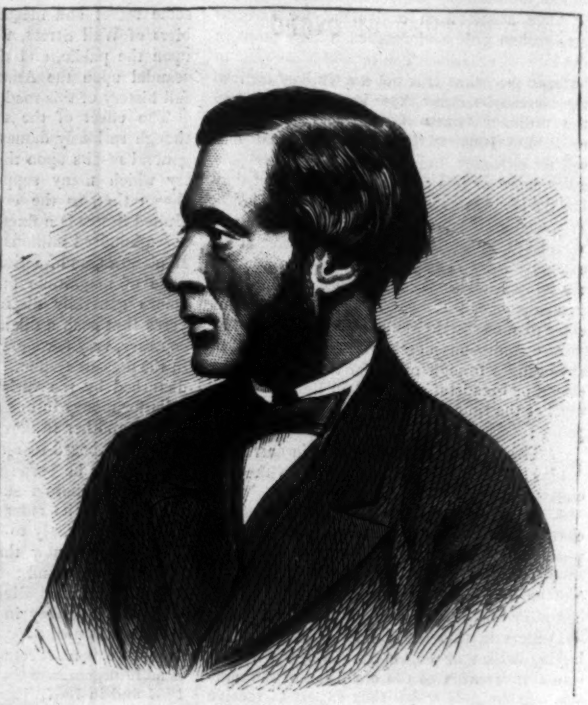
PRES. ELIOT, OF HARVARD.

Charles William Eliot, who on the 19th of October was inaugurated President of Harvard College, is a young man, a graduate of the class of 1853, and for several years adjunct Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry on the college staff. President **Eliot** is a native of Boston; he belongs to the **Eliot** family so long identified with the history of that city. His father, the Hon. S. A. **Eliot**, was formerly a Representative in Congress, and at another time the Mayor of Boston. In 1863 **Charles W. Eliot** resigned his professorship, and became connected with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, as a professor. He was abroad year before last in company with President **Rogers**, of the Institute, when the latter was on his mission from Massachusetts to the Paris Exposition. Mr. **Eliot**, while in college, was an oarsman, and is said to have been the stroke oar of the first Harvard Boat Club.

Hon. **John H. Clifford**, who inducted him into office, thus closed his address to him on that occasion:

"Endowed with intellectual tastes and moral characteristics, and accustomed to the prosecution of studies, all eminently fitted to prepare you for your great work; familiar with all the departments, both of pupilage and instruction, in the institution, within whose walls you have been nurtured and almost domesticated, as in a second home; your judgment enlarged and strengthened by the ripened fruits of foreign travel, and the observation and study of the best processes of education at home and abroad; receiving a generous and cordial welcome from your learned and accomplished associates to their companionship and chieftainship; and added to all these personal and social qualifications an hereditary loyalty to the institution which can not fail to inspire the heart of a son whose honored father, so many of us remember, was one of its most devoted, efficient, and valued friends—there seems nothing wanting to our heart-felt congratulations on this day, both to the university and yourself."

President **Eliot**'s inaugural address was an admirable lecture upon college education.

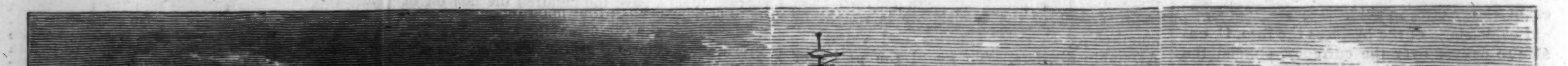


CHARLES W. ELIOT, PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.
[Photographed by John A. Whipple.]

THE DRAGON OF LYME REGIS.

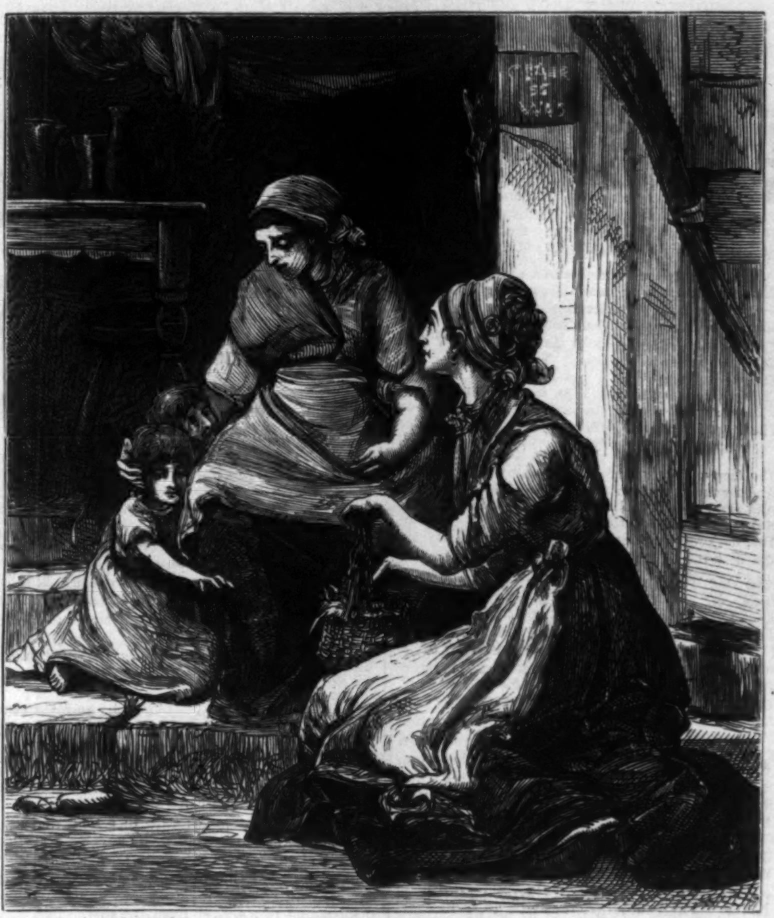
The British Museum has lately received the fossil remains of a flying dragon, measuring upward of four feet from tip to tip of the expanded wings. The bones of the head, wings, legs, tail, and great part of the trunk, with the ribs, blade-bones, and collar-bones, are imbedded in dark lias shale from Lyme Regis, on the Dorsetshire coast. The head is large in proportion to the trunk, and the tail is as long as the rest of the body: it is extended in a straight, stiff line, the vertebral bones being surrounded and bound together by bundles of fine, long, needle-shaped bones: it is supposed to have served to keep outstretched, or to sustain, a large expanse of the flying membrane or parachute, which extended from the tips of the wings to the feet, and spread along the space between the hind-limbs and tail, after the fashion of certain bats.

The first indication of this monster was described by Buckland in the "Transactions of the Geological Society," and is referred to in his "Bridgewater Treatise," under the name of *Pterodactylus macronyx*. The subsequently acquired head and tail give characters of the teeth and other parts, which establish a distinct generic form in the family of Flying Reptiles. The animal will be described in the next volume of the Monographs of the Palæontographical Society.



NEW FISH MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.—[Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.]

THE MOTHER OF OSOPO.



"I CAN NOT DRAG *THEM* ALONG WITH ME, AND I AM THEIR MOTHER."

I.

Upon the west bank of the Tagliamento, a river flowing through the Venetian territory, there stand the ruins of Osopo, which in 1859 was a flourishing village, with about 900 inhabitants.

But during the Italian war with Austria the German troops surrounded it. They forbade any one to pass in or out, so that the villagers could procure no food. Their reason for starving the village was this: It was situated at the foot of a rocky cliff, on whose summit stood a fortress, which the Austrians could not succeed in taking, on account of the only road up the cliff being so narrow and dangerous that the soldiers could only go up it one by one. The Italian garrison, of course, kept a sharp lookout on the path. The only resource of the Austrians, therefore, was to starve the village, in the hope that compassion for the helpless women and children, dying of hunger, would induce the fortress to surrender. All the men who could do any thing had fled to join the Italian army.

One evening in September, when every thing looked hot, dried up, and dusty, two women were sitting together on the door-step of one of the best-looking houses in Osopo. The house-door opened into a large room furnished with long wooden tables and benches, and surrounded with shelves, on which stood a quantity of glasses and red terra-cotta jugs. Over the door hung a bunch of grapes, and the words, "Osteria, Buon Vino," were painted in bright blue.

This had been the inn of Osopo, but it was deserted now. The rooms were drearily clean and empty; the glasses dusty and untouched. One of the two women was the mistress of the inn, and she held by the hand her two boys—pale, thin, half-starved little fellows of about three and four years old. The other woman, whose name was Maddalena, looked younger and rather less starved than the other. They were dressed nearly alike, in skirts of dark "bordata," a kind of strong cotton, with white bodices, and bright-colored handkerchiefs crossed in front and fastened down by the apron. There was another such handkerchief on the head, hiding a little the thick plaits of black hair, which were kept up by silver pins run through them.

Maddalena had shoes on, but Rosina's feet were bare.

"Look, Rosa," said the former, giving her friend a basket which contained some bunches of grapes and a little Indian corn flour.

"No, Maddalena," said Rosina, and she pushed it away; "a thousand thanks, but I can not rob you of your food."

"Nonsense; you know I am alone, and I deprive no one else of it. It is mine, and I really can not bear to see those two children, who but a short month ago were the finest in Osopo, dwindling away. Besides, I no longer need it. I have kept a handful of flour to make my 'polenta' for supper, and this evening I go to Udine. Come behind the house, Rosina, and you will see how the black clouds are hanging over the fortress and the hills all round. To-night there will be a 'temporale,' one of those great autumn thunder-storms, and when the lightning is flashing, and the thunder and rain have driven even the Austrian sentinels under shelter, I will pass through like a flash of the lightning itself. They will not dream of any one's being out on such a night. To-morrow I shall be at Udine; there I have friends, and shall find work directly. Perhaps, too, I may see your husband there, and when he hears about you he will swim the river, as some of our soldiers from the fortress once did, and come to help you."

Rosina's eyes flashed, and she shook her head.

"That is what you and all the village think," she said; "that my husband has forgotten me, and cares not what comes of me and his little ones. But I know! I know that he lies cold and dead on one of the battle-fields, or he would be here at my side. Ah! I would go with you, cara, if it were not for these poor little creatures; I can not drag *them* along with me, and I am their mother. Santa Maria Vergine! I love them more than life, Maddalena; but in this way we shall all three die together. What shall I do when that which you brought is exhausted? But you must go. You were right, for it rains already. A happy journey! I will pray for you always."

"And so will I, dear Rosa; I will do my best to help you. A rivederci, then. In heaven, perhaps."

II.

That night Rosina put her children to sleep after their scrap of supper, and then sat listening with pleasure to the rain and thunder that were aiding her friend's escape, and thinking, "To-morrow she will be at Udine. Perhaps help will soon come."

But each day she rose with the same hope, and each day was disappointed.

On the eighth evening after Maddalena's departure Rosina gave the children the last bit of the food she had brought, made them say their prayers, together with one for the safe return of the "Babbo," which they had said night and morning for a month past, and put them to bed. Then she bent over the elder and said, as calmly as she could,

"Nino must be good to-morrow, and take care of Cicio. Màmmina is going to get bread. Old Natalia, who lives opposite, will come and dress you, and give you some breakfast, and stay till màmma comes back in the evening. Addio, cuore."

"Addio, màmma," said the sleepy child. The mother kissed those darling faces again and again: then she looked out. It was a dark, cloudy night. She put on a black shawl, and went to the house opposite. Taking up a pebble she threw it at a window, which presently opened, and some one looked out.

"Natalia," said Rosina, "to-night I shall pass the Austrian ranks, and go to Udine to fetch bread for the little ones. For the love of God go to them in the morning, dress them, feed them, and take care of them till I return. At this time to-morrow I shall be here again."

"Mad girl!" grumbled the old crone, "do you want to get shot? There's that Maddalena, who went away a week ago, and has not been heard of since."

"Is it likely she should?" half laughed Rosina to herself.

"As for the brats, I'll go to them; but as to feeding them, why, I've tasted nothing myself for two days."

Rosina threw something tied in a handkerchief in at the window, which came thump on the room-floor, saying, as she did so,

"In that are four apples I have saved. They'll keep up life in them for to-morrow till I come; and then I'll give you some bread, Natalia. For God's sake, remember." And she walked away.

"Fool," muttered the old woman. "Apples, did she say? The brats can do without. I dare say they've eaten to-day, and well too. Oh, this hunger! It's a wolf that gnaws, gnaws!" She felt for the bundle, and almost involuntarily bit a piece of one apple.

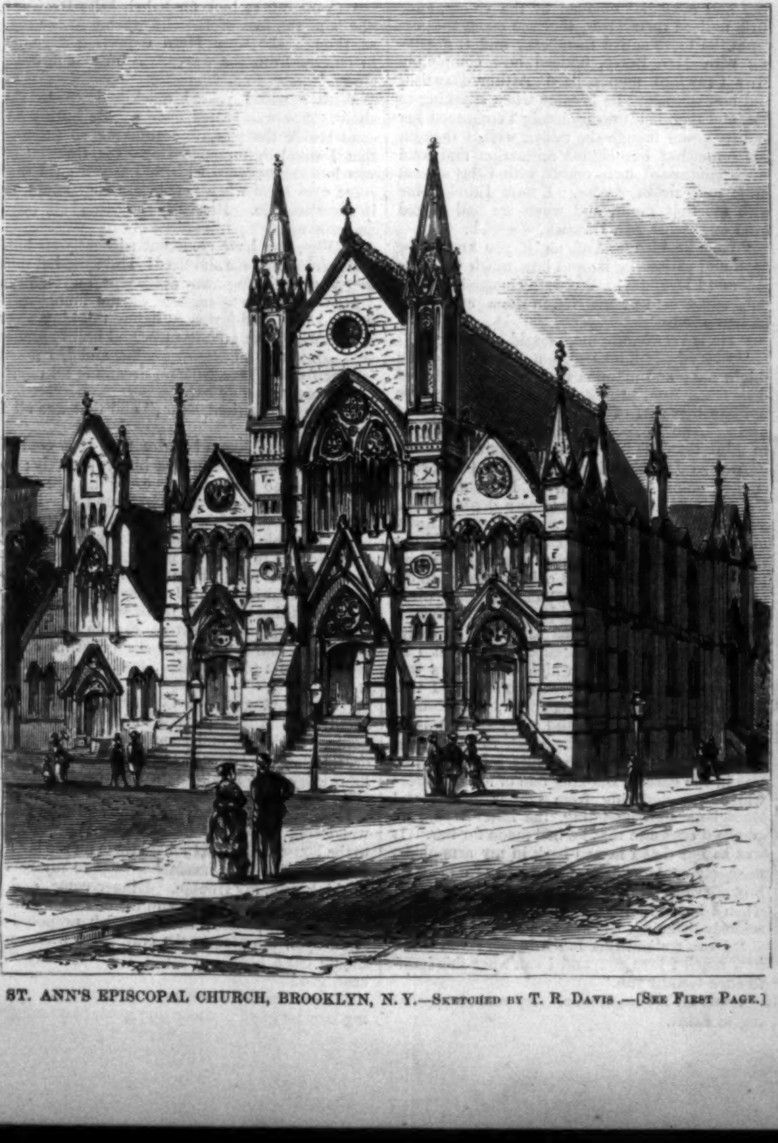
III.

Rosina did not know that almost before she left the village her children's food had already been consumed.

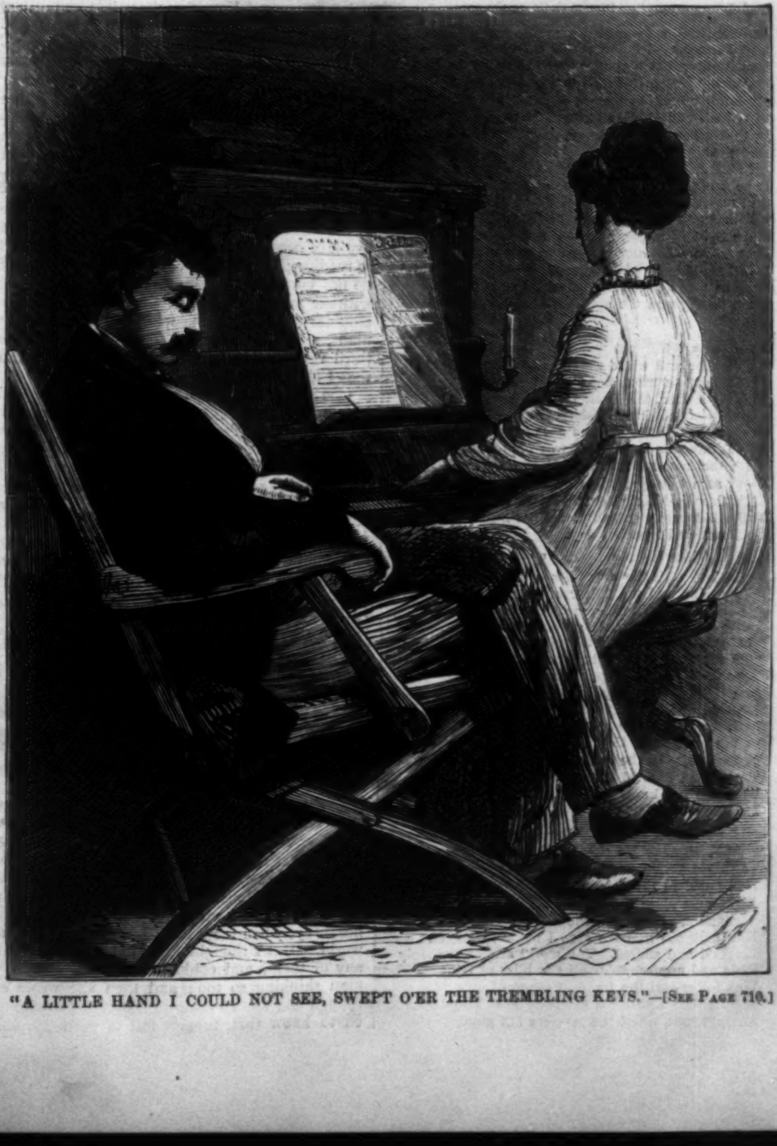
She walked on and on. There was the outline of the camp; she could distinctly hear the sentinel's step. Forward! forward! she was almost past. Alas! the moon, till now hidden behind dense clouds, came out. She went down on her hands and knees behind a hedge; a dried twig snapped under her weight. The sentinel turned: "Who goes there?" She tried to run; it was too late. The soldier was coming on, his musket raised.

"Mater, ora pro nobis." She turned and dropped on her knees. "Misericordia! I want to harm no one, only to get bread for my innocent babies. Bread! for mercy's sake!"

"Bread!" The Croat laughed mockingly, and held out half a black loaf. Her eyes gleaming with mingled fear and hope, she stretched out her hand, and advanced a few steps to take it. Only a few. There was a shot, a long, fear-



ST. ANN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Sketched by T. R. Davis.—[See First Page.]



"A LITTLE HAND I COULD NOT SEE, SWEPT O'ER THE TREMBLING KEYS."—[See Page 710.]

ful shriek, and a ball from the Croat's musket struck the mother's forehead. Did the sentinel laugh as he returned to his post?

IV.

The next evening two little children were wandering along the road from Osopo. The small, transparent forms of skin and bone had no covering but a torn shirt. They wandered at last, as if by instinct, to where a figure lay, stiff and rigid, on the ground. They clung round it, crying, "Màmma, màmmina, Natalia never came to dress us, nobody gave us any thing to eat. Up—come, màmma. How cold you are! Why do you sleep so long?"

The fort was taken at last, and both it and the village were demolished. If the husband and father ever lived to return to his native place he would have found nothing but charred ruins, and in the little cemetery a small wooden cross to mark the resting-place of all that he loved on earth.

A BLIND MAN'S LOVE.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

See Illustration on Page 709.

I heard the humming of the streets forever,
As in a sleep—the people came and went
Around my seat unseen, like shapes that pass
Unseen, but heard, in haunted lands; and oft
Light laughter and a motion close around me,
And gentle speech, disturb'd me. What to me
Was beauteous interchange of day and night—
The coming and the going of the sun,
Gathering grayness, and the rising moon—
And what to me was light of sun or stars,
Since light and darkness came and went around,
Unmark'd by weary eyes that could not see,
That had not seen the day for seven years!
Only, when sunlight daily went away,
My world grew stiller, colder—that was all.

And I was hard and dull at twenty-three,
Dull with my grief, hard to the core from dwelling,
Sleeping or waking, in the dark so long;
One, and one pleasure only had the power to stir
And trouble all my soul, until it felt
A sunshine of its own. A light footfall,
A tender greeting, fluttering of a dress,
A touch as soft as is a rose's leaf,
That flutters to the grass and makes no sound.
These were the intimations of a world
Beyond my sorrow, the admonishings
Which sweeten'd that dull gloom wherein I dwelt.
Oh, sweeter far than any beauteous thing
The eye could look upon, one little name,
One little soft sweet name, I murmur'd o'er,
Softly, to keep my heart still: ah! the name,
The little living name I murmur'd o'er,
And saw in golden letters in the dark!
May! May! May! May!—it brought me back the time
When I could see the roses and the leaves,
The silver splash of water, the blue hills
Netted in sunny weather! May! May! May!
I murmur'd it forever to my heart,
For joy, for joy of it!....Sweeter than all
To sit within my shadow-land, and hear
That one voice singing, while a little hand
I could not see, swept o'er the trembling keys,
And all the air around me seemed to melt
Into a vapor, in whose midst there sat
One sweet girl-shape before an instrument,
Her bright curls shining, and her eyes of blue
Looking on *me!* Then the sweet sound would cease,
The vision made of music died away,
And I was wearying in the dark again.

At seventeen, a fever struck me down,
And I arose, and found the world was gone,
And nothing but a shadow world remain'd.
Six weary years we dwelt in London town,
My mother seeking for her stricken son
Such help and skill as only could be found
In that great cloud of sound; for such it was,
And nothing more, to me. But naught avail'd!
All skill fell powerless—still those weary eyes
Beheld not—still I wearied and grew hard—
Still moan'd and pray'd to God that I might die,
Till that new friend, a neighbor's child, came near,
Made light of music, gave my soul within
Eyes to perceive and passion to create,
And haunted me with touch, and scent, and sound,
Such as made darkness more divine at times
Than seeing and the sunshine.

Then at last,
Strange as a trumpet wakening the dead
To wonder and white robes, came blessed light;
Light, light—a revelation; and I saw.
Yet, for a time, the motion of the world
Look'd dim and ghostly—shapes like phantoms came—
Strange as those wondrous flashes on the ball
Of darkness, and my spirit was oppress'd
With the unaccustom'd burden of the sense.
Slow, as a lily opens, leaf by leaf,
Light deepen'd—brightening, brightening—till at last,
Full-orb'd, great, golden as a lily's heart,
Unclosed God's perfect day.

Then, as I sat,
Breathless with the new bliss of the bright world,
Soft motion and the flutter of a dress
Disturb'd me. Turning, radiant as a rose,
I saw a face I knew not; strange and meek,
Not beauteous—eyes not luminous, looks not light,
Like those which I had pictured in my dream;
Yet the face smiled upon me eagerly,
And lighten'd as it smiled—while, darkening,
I flush'd and murmur'd inarticulate words,
And, trembling like a leaf, she cried aloud
In the same voice that I had loved so long
In darkness—in the same beloved voice
That I had fondled in my shadow-land:
"Do you not know me? I am May!" whereon
I shiver'd and felt cold.

For all the world
Seem'd bitter and a cheat. The face I dream'd,
The light young delicate face with eyes of blue,
Had faded in the golden light of day;
And in its place a pensive twilight cheek,
A common creature of the clay, with eyes
Not luminous like the eyes I made in dream,
Linger'd and smiled. The world seem'd suddenly
Stale and unprofitable—all the bliss of light
Was bitter—all the fragrant sense of love
Seem'd like a wither'd feast-day posy found
At daybreak, when the revelers are gone,
In the stale-smelling ball-room of the feast.
Then I beheld her, like a frighten'd hind,
With widening eyeballs shrink; and feeling shamed
To look so coldly on my little friend,
I squeezed a feeble smile into my cheeks,
And took her hand: she, fluttering from my touch,
Stood musing; and I saw her as she lived—
A pensive woman, delicate-limb'd, and small,
With brown hair braided o'er Madonna brows,
And dark eyes suffering from the gentle light
They shed on others: on her brow the light
Falling subdued and gentle. This my May!
This golden-hair, the spirit of my dream!
Nay, then, the world was bitter and a cheat!

Ah, love, my love! come nearer. Let me kiss
The broad, pure brow; and, kissing, may I kiss
Away all sorrow. Sweeter this soft hair,
Silver'd with the miraculous snows of time,
Than all the luminous looks that e'er beguiled
Rash sailors to the shallows! Yet, at first,
This perfect face repell'd me—it arose
Coldly, like something strange, to which the voice
I knew so well seem'd alien; and I loathed
The light for changing thee!

Then, for long days
The face withdrew, and left me to my thoughts.
And the streets murmur'd, and the world look'd bright,
And shadow-land had died into a dream.
Ne'er had I felt so utterly alone!
Yea, darkness had been blest society:
But now the light was solitude indeed.

Now shall I tell by what slow witchery,
Dear love, I grew to yearn for those soft eyes
And that pale, asking face. How, in the light
That was as darkness, unaware, again
I hearken'd for thy foot; and how I wept,
When from a distant chamber came to mine
The trouble of thy singing. Then I cried
Thy name out loudly, like a fever'd man,
And gently up before me rose again
The twilight of thy face; and all at once
I felt I loved it—not as young men love—
Not with the fever'd humor of the flesh—
Not as I loved that wondrous face in dream—
But strangely, clingingly, and helplessly,
As weary men ask rest, as fever'd lips
Crave coolness, as in the parch'd Syrian sands,
Under the sun's insufferable blaze,
Men seek the shadow of the locust-tree.

Yea, how I love thee! Dearest, draw the blind,
And do not light the lamp, but let me sit
In darkness as of old; and play to me
The tune I loved so in my shadow-land,
When I conceived thee other than thou wert,
Yet never purer, dearer!....So, O Soul,
What pictures come and fade before thy sight!
All life is hush'd—the world, the daylight fades
To twilight and a silvery star of sound!

PERHAPS IT WAS BETTER SO.

AN OLD WOMAN'S SKETCH.

Barmouth is a pretty little watering-place in the South. I have lived there a good many years, and have seen many changes in what was formerly a little fishing-village, and now strives to be designated as a town. There is scarcely a chine along the coast that I do not know, and can not connect with some expedition; scarcely a path in the quiet dim pine-woods that I have not trodden in fine weather and wet, in early morning or moonlit night. It is a quiet place; young people are apt to call it "slow." There is no promenade. The pier is an unpretentious rude structure. Very few theatrical or musical people penetrate so far beyond the pale of civilization, and the few balls are given by the county families living around; still, we can boast of a poet with long hair, and his particular friend an eminent art-critic—a little man with a bald head and a long beard. Itinerant musicians bring down the last airs from the last opera with their organs and German bands, and set one wondering how music has degenerated within the present generation. The circulating library is a constant source of interest, and one of the most exciting incidents is the arrival of a batch of new novels from town. I am very fond of reading; an old maid, with but few friends, I do not know how I should pass the long nights without my books; and though sometimes the troubles of the young people keep me awake at night, still I feel certain that when I get the third volume they will all be made happy, and that I shall be happy too.

One wet afternoon I put on my big cloak, and bidding my maid get my tea by the time I returned, I set out for the library. Luckily a new parcel had just arrived, and after a perplexing selection, and having quite a heap in my arms, I was ascending the cliff to my house when I met Joliffe, the postman. There was a letter for me—a rare occurrence—and so, doubly freighted, I reached home, where I found every thing warm and comfortable after the rain and wind outside. The letter was from Ethel Berry.

> "My dear Miss Browne"—it said—"Mamma and I are coming to Barmouth in a few days. We do so long to see you and the dear old place again. It is quite stifling here: and I am so tired of the people and racket of town. I suppose every thing and every body are exactly as they were; nothing changes with you.
>
> "A glimpse of the sea, a blow on the cliff, and the sight of your dear face will do me a world of good. Somebody's coming too!
>
> "Your loving Ethel."

This was just like Ethel, so fond of quiet, and loving Barmouth so truly. I was so glad to hear she was coming down again, for I looked upon her as a dear child of my own. I wondered who "Somebody" was. Not a lady-friend, or she would have said who. I could scarcely think of Ethel having a lover. I knew I should be jealous, and wonder why they could not leave her with me instead of wishing to take her away, when there were so many girls in the world. But I thought Ethel must be nicer than any of them, and could hardly wonder at any man thinking so too; and then she wrote as though she was so happy. I felt quite delighted to know that, though full of curiosity, and told my maid that I expected visitors in a few days, and we began planning means to receive them. My book seemed quite uninteresting after this, although there was a wicked father and a patient suffering daughter in it, who would have made me cry at other times. Well, one morning when the sun was shining brightly upon the blue sea and chalk cliffs, and the wind was blowing freshly upon me as I was trimming my rose-trees in the garden, I saw a figure that I knew so well coming lightly toward me, and presently I had my dear in my arms. She was just the same. Tall and pale, her dark blue eyes with that tender pathetic look in them that is quite indescribable, and her golden-brown hair falling about her shoulders.

"And how are you and the roses? You look quite beautiful, though I do believe you're crying. Oh, how brilliant every thing is here, how fresh and bright! Sit down, and tell me about every body and every thing."

And I had to tell of all that had occurred for the last six months, from how poor Lord Kelley bore the loss of his wife, to Joliffe the postman, and the last litter of puppies.

"And now, in return for all this valuable information," I said, "tell me, Ethel, who 'Somebody' is?"

She blushed, and then with a little laugh—

"Oh, I must not tell you now; I will show him perhaps, presently; and he doesn't bite." And she began admiring the roses and my last poor little water-color sketches, so that I did not press her to tell me more.

"And now," she said, presently, "I must take you to mamma, who would have so liked to come to you if she could."

So I donned my hat and cloak, and we set off for Thirley House, where they lived when in Barmouth. It was surely one of the most beautiful mornings I ever remember; even in the dense woods that led to the Hall the sun lit up the vistas and usually dark nooks, and threw vivid shadows across the path in a manner that delighted Ethel, who sniffed the sweet air as she danced along, as I have seen many people do who have been living in a big smoky town. As we were walking we heard some one whistling "*Faites-lui mes aveux*" from "Faust."

"Somebody's coming," said Ethel, roguishly, and presently the whistler came in sight, and I was introduced to Mr. Arthur Dawlish. He was a large-limbed young man, with dark brown hair and wavy brown beard; decidedly handsome, and knowing it. There was a languid grace in his bow to me, and indeed a general air of sleepy complacency that was rather irritating.

"So glad to know you," he said, smiling; "I have heard so much about you from Ethel, and 'pon my honor it's quite romantic meeting in a wood in this way. I hear you paint, and all that sort of thing; rather nice bits about here, I should think. Mrs. Berry and Miss Crawford are waiting for you, so perhaps we'd better go to them;" and then we went on to the Hall.

Upon the terrace we found Mrs. Berry, a noble-looking woman, with the same dark blue pathetic eyes as Ethel's, walking about with her crutch, and Georgiana Crawford, daughter of General Crawford, beside her—a medium-sized girl of four-and-twenty, with very black hair, dark brown eyes, and very vivacious. Old men and women become spectators to the little tragedies and comedies enacted by the young, and, little noticed themselves, they see much that escapes the more active members; and I, gossiping with Mrs. Berry, noticed how completely Miss Crawford monopolized Arthur Dawlish, and how animated he became when speaking to her, and then half unconsciously I compared her to Ethel, and though she talked well, I thought her somewhat Frenchified animation and loud laugh contrasted unfavorably with Ethel's quiet smile and air of repose. I took Ethel home with me that night, and when we had parted from our escort, Mr. Dawlish, she said:

"Isn't he nice? And oh, if you knew how good and patient he is, and how much he loves me, and I love him! We were engaged in London, and are to be married in June, and—isn't he handsome?"

"He is very handsome," I said, cheerily.

"Every body thinks so, but I was afraid you might not; and mamma likes him so much; so does Georgiana, I think, though he says he does not like that sort of girl. Very rude, as I told him." And so she ran on, and I listened, glad to think my dear friend was so happy.

And so day after day passed, and I was constantly going to the Hall, or Ethel and Miss Crawford and Dawlish came as a deputation to ask me if I omitted doing so. The more I saw of Miss Crawford the less I liked her; I did not think with Ethel that Dawlish was so indifferent to her—indeed, he seemed only too much interested—and observing him look after her when she moved about, and an eagerness in his speech to her that he never showed with Ethel, a daily-growing dread took possession of me that I in vain tried to shake off, which God knows was only too soon confirmed. One morning I was painting in my little sitting-room; the morning was oppressively warm, and every thing was so still that I could hear the plash of the waves upon the shore beneath the cliffs. Mr. Dawlish was in the garden, smoking one of my rose-trees which was suffering from blights, Ethel and Georgiana superintending, the latter trying to smoke a cigarette that he had made for her. It was so hot that I leaned back in my arm-chair, musingly contemplating my sketch of a piece of broken worn cliff against a stormy gray sky, when I heard him talking earnestly, and, unconsciously listening, I heard him say:

"I can't stand this much longer; you know how much I love you, and I can't act this indifference toward you."

I was all attention now. He was not speaking to Ethel.

"But, Mr. Dawlish," Georgiana answered, "how dare you speak to me thus, Sir? Are you not engaged to Ethel?"

"Of course I am; but it can be broken off—it shall! You know how I love you; why, you have made me—you have won me over. I thought I loved her until I met you; but I have only just learned what love is."

"You have no right to say this to me. I shall go in to Miss Browne."

"I think not. Come, we understand one another; and why act this farce when no one is by? Poor Ethel! Oh, why didn't you leave me in peace? I loved her in my contented, easy sort of way until you came, and now I only pity her."

"I am sorry to hear this," she answered. "I never dreamed you cared for me; I thought you liked me as a friend, and now you wish me to be an enemy."

"Georgie, don't you like me?"

"I will tell you. I like you—I love you, though it is wicked to say so, but I thought you were playing with me. I never dreamed you were in earnest, and I tried to go away and leave you with Ethel; but I could not—my passion was too strong. I fought, oh so hard! but I succumbed. Have pity upon me for my weakness. I ought never to have told you so much."

"If I had but met you before I was bound in honor," he said, regretfully, "we should have been spared this wretchedness."

"No, you would not have cared for me if you had been free."

"How bitter you are! Do you want me to swear I love you more than I ever thought I could love any thing? You can not trust me, while she—"

"Trusts you implicitly, and is deceived. Arthur, I speak bitterly because I love so fondly. A woman ever abuses the man she loves as passionately as I love you; but I could not bear to hear you maligned by others, and if they did speak against you I would console and defend you—I would bear any thing, brave any thing, for your sake. You know it!" she said, in a passionate voice.

"Hush, dear; we shall be overheard!" he said, hurriedly. "Scenes are so absurd, you know; I love you so much; but what will they say, pledged as I am?"

"Oh, courageous man!" she interrupted, bitterly, "what will they think of *me?*"

"Well, people always say horrible things and tell any amount of lies; but of course I am perfectly indifferent to any thing they may say. Only yesterday Ethel was talking about our marriage-day, little thinking, poor child, how distant that may be. She is going to be so deceived—to suffer."

"How cold you have grown! Do I not suffer too?"

I could not bear to stay and hear more; trembling with indignation and dizzy with the shock, I went through the French window into the garden. Dawlish was still seated upon the grass puffing at his pipe, and Miss Crawford was standing beside him swinging her straw hat in one hand, the other resting lightly upon his shoulder. He colored slightly as I looked at him; but she returned my glance with her usual self-possession, as she said with one of her trilling laughs,

"Come out to look for Ethel, Miss Browne? She is at the foot of the cliff gazing at the sea, as though she were Hero expecting Leander to emerge from the waves. A most charming study."

With a nod I passed quickly down to the shore. She was seated upon a little hillock of sand beside the pier, and thinking so intently that I stood by unnoticed for some time. She was looking seaward with that far-off gaze that some eyes have when people are very happy or in great trouble. Presently she turned her head and saw me.

"Why, you have come out without your hat, and you look so pale and tired! Have you left that lazy Arthur puffing away at his pipe, and Georgie encouraging the 'slaughter of the innocents?' It is so hot; and I was so happy thinking what a prize I had got among men, and how capitally we shall get on together—Arthur and I, I mean—that I could have gone on dreaming all day."

I sat down beside her.

"I am rather tired, dear;" and that was all I said.

It all seemed like a bad dream. How could I break it to her? she trusted him so entirely; to her he was so good and true. I did not think he really cared much for Miss Crawford—it was merely a passing whim with him; he seemed so weak, unstable, and so little worthy of trust that I shuddered to think of my darling being married to such a man; but if I remained silent after what I had heard; if I did as so many people do, allow things to come right, would they come right? If they went wrong, the sin would rest with me; and I knew Ethel's beautiful confidence, once rudely abused, could never be restored.

"Oh, what can I do!" I thought, with her small hand in mine; "she looks upon me as a guide, an adviser, and I am so unfit for a great ordeal that the sight of her happiness, and the knowledge that I can blight it forever, makes a child of me."

I could not do it; I sat silent and wretched, wondering how it would all end. We went up to the house, and Ethel joined them on the lawn; while I, pleading a headache, went to my room to think over my trouble. Dinner came, and I tried to be cheerful, and join in the running talk of the young people; then Dawlish proposed a stroll upon the pier as the only place where we should get a breath of air, which might do my head good.

It was a beautiful evening. The sun was sinking in a blaze of crimson and gold, painting the sea, with the faintest ripple on its face, the old black pier, and the boats gently rising and falling, with rose-color. The hills over at Whitecliff were lines of blue and mauve. People were in groups upon the pier and beach, love-making, flirting, and gossiping. The long-haired poet and his inseparable companion were the centres of admiring circles; fathers were spelling out their newspapers in the fading light, while children proffered to them trophies in the shape of tiny fish that they captured from the sea. The wet shingle sparkled like a mass of rude jewels, and the distant pine-woods looked vividly green and cool beyond the ruddy cliffs.

Every thing was so calm and peaceful that we scarcely cared to talk, and the loud laughter of the fishermen about the beach jarred upon the senses. We sat down upon a seat above the wooden steps leading to the water, Dawlish moodily smoking, and Ethel looking at him from time to time wonderingly. He was usually in such equable spirits that she was puzzling over his air of preoccupation. Miss Crawford sat upon the steps with a book upon her knees, but she was not reading. The sun sank beneath ridges of angry-looking red, the hills grew pale and indistinct. Impatiently knocking the ashes from his pipe, and shaking himself like a big Newfoundland dog, Dawlish rose.

"I shall go out for a sail," he said; "there's just wind enough to manage to crawl along. I feel hipped, and want a change of some sort. Miss Browne, will you and Ethel and Miss Crawford come? Though you are not a good sailor, the sea's like a big duck-pond, and the boat won't pitch a bit. Jack," he called to a fisherman lolling in his boat, "get the sails up, I'm going out a bit."

I declined to go, dreading the mist that was gathering; and Ethel would not leave me, she said, with my head so bad; so he nodded, and seeing Jack had unfurled the sails and was waiting for him, he sauntered down the steps and got into the boat.

"Jump out, Jack," he said; "I sha'n't want you. I'm an old hand at it, and can sail her myself well enough."

"I wouldn't go out beyond the bar if I was you, Sir," the man said. "We shall have a dirty night, and the wind blowing off the shore you will have to make a long tack coming in, Sir;" and he pointed anxiously at the long black clouds fast rising in the west.

"All right, I shall be back in an hour; let go," and waving his broad straw hat to us, and bidding us good-night, he settled himself comfortably in the stern, and the boat glided slowly out to sea. We remained watching it until it became a mere blot upon the waves, and then, the wind growing colder, I proposed that we should return home. Some people took possession of Miss Crawford, and Ethel and I walked slowly up the cliff together, turning now and then to look at the boat as it grew smaller and smaller. When we got indoors, feeling no inclination to talk, I took up one of my novels, while Ethel sat upon the hearth-rug gazing dreamily into the fire.

"Hark!" she said, suddenly; "what is that?"

There was a sweeping rush and a moaning noise, as though the trees were bending to the wind. We went to the window. The moon shone brightly, though obscured occasionally by flying masses of thick cloud.

"Arthur will surely have come back by this time," she said, anxiously. "Shall we go down to the pier and see if any of the boatmen are still there?"

We hastily put on our cloaks and hats. The wind blew so strongly that we could scarce fight our way down to the beach against it. All was changed. The little waves had become big crested breakers, and the foam was flying along the sands in great white patches. Lolling against the little wooden pier-house for shelter we found Jack.

"Has Mr. Dawlish come in?" I asked.

"No, Miss; and I don't think he will to-night, the wind blowing off the land. But," he added, quickly, "like enough he run into Whitecliff before this wind came on. He's too good a sailor to beat against it in such a craft as an open boat. So it's no good my waiting here any longer, is it? He'll be snugly housed by this time t'other side of the water. Good-night, Miss."

Wishing him good-night, I persuaded Ethel that he must be right, and that we had better go too. So once more we fought our way up the cliff. It was twelve o'clock when we got back. She looked pale and anxious, so I insisted upon her having a little wine. She just touched it with her lips.

"Do you think Arthur would be sure to get safely to Whitecliff? Oh, if any thing happened to him!" she said.

"But, my dear," I answered, as bravely as I could, though I felt terribly ill at ease myself, "a sailor must surely know best. I dare say he is asleep in bed now, dreaming about you; and unless you go to bed at once, what a sorry white little face will greet him when he comes back to-morrow! He will not easily forgive himself the fright he has caused you."

Very obediently she did as I wished, and I went to my room, but I felt it useless to try and sleep through the storm. A terrible dread had taken possession of me, and I could not shake it off. I drew my easy-chair to the fire and listened to the storm. I could not read, I felt so strangely nervous and excited. I could in the stillness of the house hear every sound outside with painful distinctness—the creaking of the trees, the rattle of the casement, and the confused roar of the wind and waves. I caught sight of my face in the mirror over the mantle-piece, and quite started, it looked so haggard and spectral. The fire burned low, and I put on some logs of wood. At length, thoroughly worn out with the day's emotions, I had fallen into a troubled doze, when I was awakened by a low voice speaking rapidly. I turned, and saw Ethel in her white night-dress, peeping through the window into the night. "Oh, Arthur," she sobbed, "come back! Why did you leave me? why did I not go with you? Cruel sea, spare him, he is so dear to me; we love one another so dearly, you can not harm him. Why am I here safe and sheltered while you may be fighting with the waves for your dear life? If any thing happened to you I should die, I should not care to live without you. Oh, if we could but die together! How could I let you go! The treacherous sea looked so peaceful, so kind; but I ought to have felt what was coming; and I let you go, and perhaps may never see you again. My love, my love, I love you better than life, and you may die! How the strong, bitter wind blows! will it never grow still! If I could but tell you how I love you! You may often have thought me cold and thoughtless; you may never have known how I hung upon your every look and word—"

"Ethel!"

"I could not sleep," she said, piteously, turning to me. "Do you think he is safe? I see you are fearful. What can we do?"

"Child," I said, "he is in the hands of God. We weak women can not do any thing; but He can do all things. Pray to Him; put your whole trust in Him; be sure He will hear you."

"I have prayed, but it is so hard to have to wait and do nothing. Listen to the wind; and to think he may be in it at this very moment! You do not love him as I do; you can not feel what I feel." She sank upon the floor at my feet, looking up at me pitifully. "Forgive me, but I hardly know what I am saying; and I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

I wrapped a thick shawl round her, and all through the weary night we remained waiting for the morning. It came at last, gray at first; then the east brightened, and the sun rose. The wind had fallen, but the sea was still angry, and the spray flew in showers over the head of the pier. The sight of the brightness and sunshine was very cheering, and we felt half ashamed of our fears of the night.

"You must lie down and get some sleep, or Dawlish will be quite shocked at the sight of this little wobegone maiden when he comes over this morning," I said; and then, calling my maid, I also went to bed, and fell into a heavy, dreamless sleep. Presently Martha came up with a cup of tea.

"Parson Dale wishes to see you, ma'am; but he says he isn't in any hurry, and will wait," she said.

Dressing as quickly as possible, I hurried down stairs, where I found him walking quickly to and fro. After the usual greeting, seeing he paused and seemed at a loss how to go on, I said,

"You wished to see me, I think."

"Mine is a terribly painful duty;" and then he stopped, and I saw how grave he was.

"A message from Mr. Dawlish?" I gasped out.

He had a letter in his hand, and pointed to it significantly.

"I had wished to prepare you for this sad news: this is a message about all that remains of Arthur Dawlish."

"He is dead?"

"Read."

He gave me the open letter, written in an uncouth hand. I can hardly tell how I gathered the sense, the words so swam before my eyes. The body of a gentleman had been washed ashore at Whitecliff—supposed to have sailed from Barmouth; then a description of Arthur followed. I wrung my hands, while he tried to console me with trite commonplaces.

"Go away, please," I said, "lest she should hear you;" and I tried to think what I should do, when I heard a low moan, and, turning, saw her standing at the doorway. She had heard all; she had the letter in her hand. I ran up to her, but she seemed unconscious that I was there. She tried to spell out the words, but no sound came from her white lips. I took her hand to lead her away, when a tall figure entered the room; a voice stern with grief said, "Let me come to my child;" and her mother caught her in her arms. I groped my way out, a thick mist before my eyes, and left them.

* * * * * *

Ethel had a long, serious illness. The doctors met in my little room and held daily consultations; but at length the crisis was passed, and very slowly she recovered. She was very thin, and pale, and silent. Her greatest pleasure was to be drawn in an invalid-chair down to the shore, where she would sit watching the sea for hours, and I standing beside her; and knowing that she was thinking of him whom she had lost, believing him to have been so good, tender, and true, the thought has often come to me that "perhaps it was better so."

FRENCH AGRICULTURE.

That agriculture has prospered in France in the last thirty years is written on the face of the country to the eyes of travelers whose journeys date back so far. But, excepting in the north-western departments, French agriculture has scarcely kept up with the general advance of agriculture in Western Europe. In fact, M. De Lavergne goes so far as to say that in Spain alone of the countries of Western Europe has there been so little advance in agricultural wealth and population as in five out of the six divisions into which he portions out the territory of France. This tardiness of the development of French agriculture he ascribes, in the first place, to the Revolution of 1792, and its disastrous effects in shaking the security of property, followed, as it was, by the exhausting wars of Napoleon; and, in the second place, to the extreme severity with which the system of French taxation presses on the poorer parts of the country, so much being taken from them for the purposes of the central power, and so little being spent in them. The urban population of France has more than doubled since the Revolution of 1789, but the rural population has remained nearly stationary. And the increase of comfort and ease has fallen almost entirely to the lot of the urban population. At Paris the average consumption of meat per head is said to be ten times as great as that in the departments of Creuse and Corrèze, and M. De Lavergne asserts that at Paris the consumption of agricultural produce is ten times as great per head as it is in the poorest parts of Brittany; although we confess we have some hesitation in accepting a statement which would, we should have thought, prove conclusively that these unlucky Bretons must all die of starvation. Still agriculture has, of course, made great advances in France; and it is only when we compare the backward five-sixths of France with the improving northwestern district, or with Prussia, Belgium, or England, that we can speak of agricultural backwardness in France. The gross produce of France is now double what it was eighty years ago, but whereas, in the centre of the country, the yearly yield per hectare has advanced only in the proportion of 40 to 60 francs, it has advanced in the northwest in the proportion of from 80 to 180 francs. A foreigner, in talking of France, scarcely realizes how very much one part of the country varies from another, and a visitor to Paris can scarcely be aware how unsparingly that superb capital has sucked the forgotten, unvisited departments dry in order to make its magnificence possible. Why the northwest is so far ahead of the other districts of France is not easy to see. A great part of the soil is bad, and the climate is humid and comparatively cold. It has thriven because man has there waged an incessant and successful war against nature. The wealth of the northwest is the fruit of frugality, prudence, and industry.

THE PAPAL COUNCIL.

Princes are placing their palaces at the disposal of the Pope for the use of the bishops during the session of the Council, and the Pope, who has recently been very dejected, has recovered his cheerfulness. He has been much disturbed by Father Hyacinthe's letter, which has produced a most painful impression at the Vatican. Nothing else is talked of among the religious bodies, and it has fallen like a bomb on the Jesuits and reactionists. To the great wrath of the Jesuits, it has been commended in some of the preparatory congregations, where several illustrious *savans*, noted for their attachment to the Church, have expressed concurrence in its views. The declaration of the German bishops also continues to be a source of vexation at the Vatican, and foreign bishops have already arrived who show the same hostile spirit. The Jesuits have decided rather to create a schism in the Church than submit to the Liberal tendencies of the age; the Liberals on their part are equally determined.

Meanwhile it is believed—the German bishops, Father Hyacinthe, and M. De Montalembert notwithstanding—that the ambition of the aged Pope will be realized, and that he will be pronounced infallible by the assembled hierarchy. It must be borne in mind that upward of six hundred bishops have already committed themselves to the proposed dogma; and all has been so well arranged in Rome that every bishop attending the Council will, by his presence alone, signify his adherence to the programme laid down by the Jesuits. "It is a strange proceeding," said the Bishop of Argyle and the Isles to his clergy a few days ago—"strange if we consider that those engaged in it are navigating what they call the Church. The night is dark. There is no open vision. The track is unknown. The sailors meet and declare that the captain is infallible, and retire, it may be, if they please, to sleep. Does this seem a grotesque description? Alas! is it not a true one? This project is surely the revelation of a great need—a proof of weakness, not, as it has been called, of strength—of the failing strength of that Church which requires such extraneous help to bolster up her once so great authority. Alas! darkness lit by such a torch can do little to illumine the profound around it. The construction of an artificial means can only produce children in its own likeness. It is Saul seeking enchantments; a meeting of wizards to create a brazen head like Bacon's, or a calculating head like Babbage's. But the subject of the forthcoming assemblage in Rome, when we think of the objects which it has in view, and the interests which are at stake, is more pathetic than grotesque. The axe is recognized to be blunt, and more strength is to be put upon it, all blunt as it is—that is the proposed remedy. We do not say this in irony—far from it. Were this a meeting of humble Christians, or the heads of Christ's Church (if it has heads), seeking after truth, our deepest sympathy and our highest reverence would go with them. But this it is not. It is the pathetic spectacle of men seeking to make certain their own preconceived opinions by a decree of their own, and to change God's way into their ways, to turn the flood into a particular channel, and to rule God's acts into unison with their own."

The London *Times* returns to the so-called miracle of St. Januarius, remarking that the question is less as to what belief the miracle deserves than as to who it is that any longer believes in it. Where is there an Italian who can at all read and write who thinks of San Gennaro and his miracle with any other feelings than those of scorn and indignation, with feelings of bitter resentment against that evil combination of civil and ecclesiastical misrule by which the mass of his brutified countrymen have been plunged into a depth of superstition and fetichism from which it is doubtful whether all the efforts of the present educational system will ever have power to rescue them? The miracle has never been distinctly seen, never put to the test of sound evidence, never wholly believed, never freely impugned. Those have seen and those have believed who were determined to see and believe. It is the same with winking Madonnas and blood-sweating crucifixes, table-turning and spirit-rapping. It is faith that does it all. Pope Pius IX. may, at the next Œcumenical Council, make St. Januarius's miracle a dogma. It will not, for all that, be believed any more or any less than it is now; but there will always be men to go and see it, whether they believe it or not.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

By Our Sage.—Life is a disease of which one dies at last.

Pleasant—To open your wife's jewel-box, and discover a strange gentleman's hair done up as a keepsake.

Sharp Woman That!—A gentleman, taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, Madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered, "I hope it was not, Sir, because you went away without paying."

Too Particular.—"I went in to bathe," said a Yankee; "but before I was long in the water I saw a huge double-jawed shark making rapidly toward me. What was to be done? When he was within a yard of me I faced round, dived under the shark, and, taking a knife from my pocket, ripped the monster up." "But did you bathe with your clothes on?" asked an astonished listener. "Well," answered the story-teller, reproachfully—"well, I do think you needn't be so tarnation particular."

After all there is not much difference between the followers and the opponents of Dr. Jenner. The one are *vaccinators*, and the other are *vaccine-haters*.

Kafir Compositions.—The following are literal translations from essays composed by Kafir boys at the mission station, Keiskamma Hoek, South Africa: "*The Rhinoceros.*—The story of the rhinoceros. The rhinoceros is a very angry beast. The horn of that beast is one. It is said that when it sees a man it pursues him till he climbs into a tree, that he may escape from that beast. And if he does not run he is torn to pieces by it; but if he ran and climbed into a tree he will escape, because that the rhinoceros does not know how to climb. But it is said that then it sits underneath the tree where the man has climbed; but I do not know whether the man has come down, or whether that rhinoceros is sitting there still." "*The Hyena.*—The Hyena is a very greedy beast. It is said that when thou seest its den there are old garments of people, and people's heads and bones. It is said that it ensnareth thus: If a goat should die there are sought small stones—let them be many—and they are daubed with blood, that it may eat them. For it is said that it does not chew, but when it finishes and wishes to run the stones rattle in its stomach, and it stands listening till the morning, and the people come and kill it."

The secret of the success of Chicago newspapers is said to lie in the fact that every man and woman in the town takes every paper, for fear a divorce notice in which they are interested may be published and they not find it out.

"Why, dear me, Mr. Longswallow,' said a good old lady, "how can you drink a whole quart of that hard cider at a single draught?" As soon as the man could breathe again he replied: "I beg pardon, Madam, but upon my soul it was so hard I couldn't bite it off."

"OUR COUNTRY."

Greatest country! bravest people!
Finest churches—tallest steeples;
Fastest horses—fairest women;
Biggest lakes that fishes swim in.
Most of railroads; longest rivers—
Beats creation "all to shivers;"
Never flinching, never flunking,
Some of one thing—mostly pumpkin;
Jumps the highest—squats the lowest;
Runs the fastest—walks the slowest;
More disasters—more delusions;
More confessions—more confusions—
Who can beat us? who outdo us?
Who can hold a candle to us?
Biggest country—bigger to be—
Now they talk of adding Cuba.

A New Society.—The last society spoken of in California is the "Pay-Nothing." It is said to be alarmingly prosperous. The pass-word is "Lend us a dollar;" the response, "Broke!"

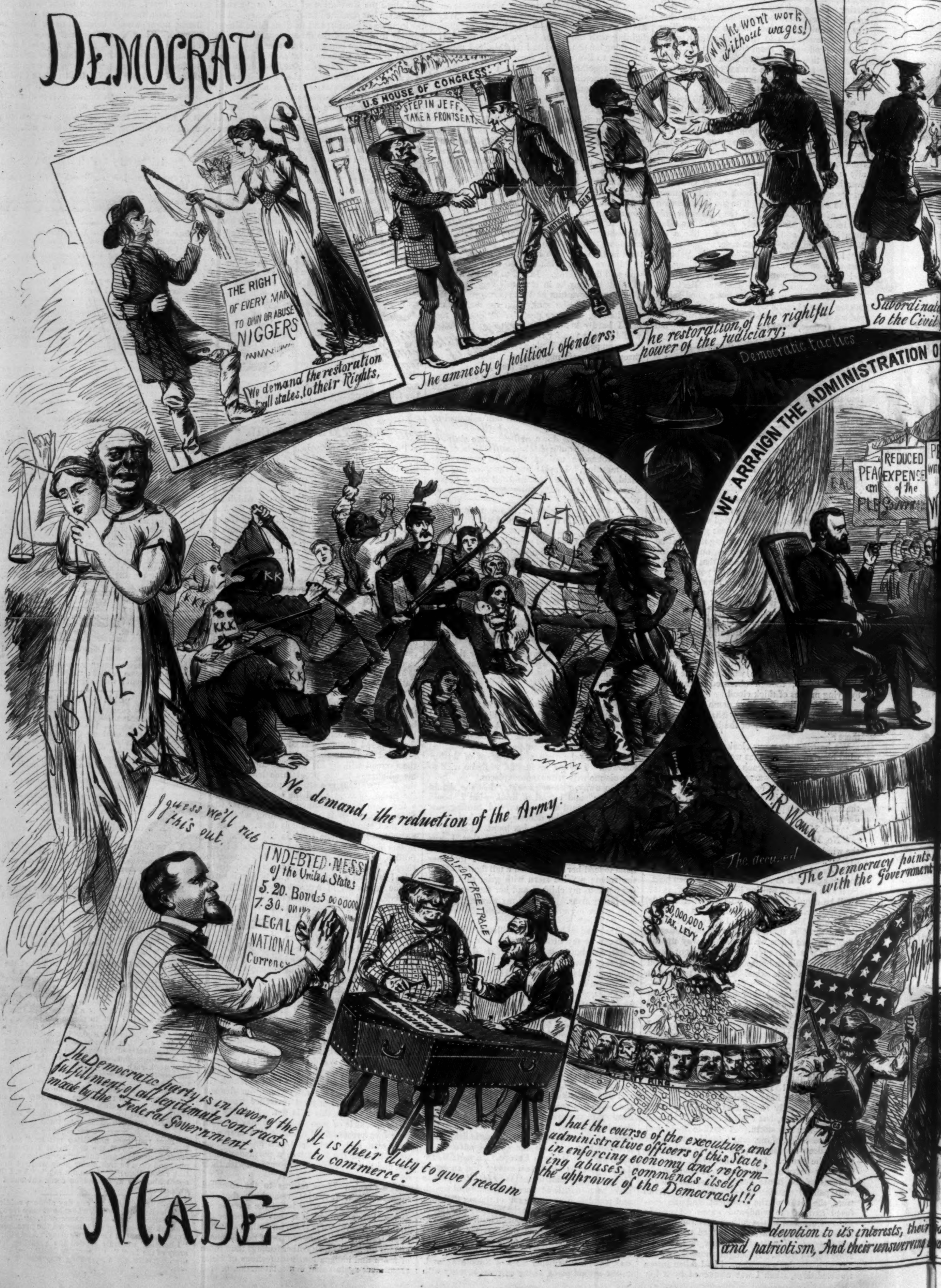
Many of the police seem to regard the public as so many bottles of medicine, "*To be well shaken before taken.*"

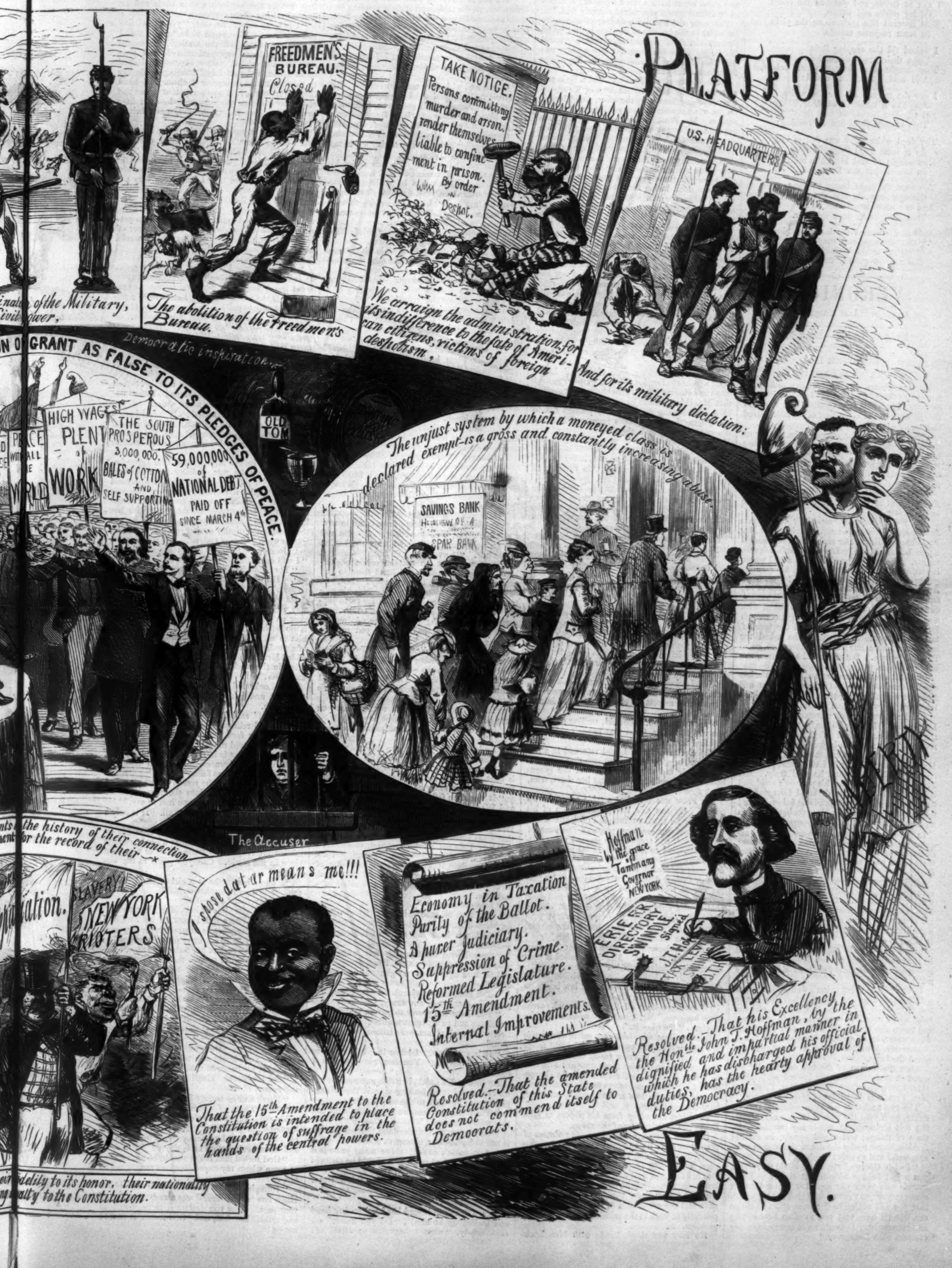
A *billet-doux* did William send,
To tell the love that burned him
But it was more like *Billy, don't!*
The answer she returned him.

The Siamese Twins always go to bed at the same time; but Chang usually gets up about an hour before his brother. By an understanding between themselves Chang does all the indoor work and Eng runs all the errands. This is because Eng likes to go out; Chang's habits are sedentary. However, Chang always goes along. Eng is a Baptist, but Chang is a Roman Catholic; still, to please his brother, Chang consented to be baptized at the same time that Eng was, on condition that it should not "count." During the war they were strong partisans, and both fought gallantly all through the great struggle—Eng on the Union side, and Chang on the Confederate. They took each other prisoners at Seven Oaks, but the proofs of capture were so evenly balanced in favor of each that a general army court had to be assembled to determine which one was properly the captor, and which the captive. The jury was unable to agree for a long time; but the vexed question was finally decided by agreeing to consider them both prisoners, and then exchanging them.

"Shut your eyes and listen mit me," said Uncle Van Heyde. "Vell, the first night I opens store I count de moneys, and finds him nix right. I counts him, and dere be tree dollar gone, and vot does yer tink I does then?" "I can not say." "Vy, I did not count him ony more, and he come out shust right ever since."

While trudging along one day alone a soldier met a Methodist circuit-rider, whom he at once recognized as such, but affected ignorance of it. "What command do you belong to?" inquired the preacher. "A Texas regiment in Van Dorn's army. And yourself?" "I belong," solemnly replied the preacher, "to the army of the Lord." "Then, my friend," said the soldier, "you've got a very long way from head-quarters."


DEMOCRATIC
THE RIGHT OF EVERY MAN TO OWN OR ABUSE NIGGERS
We demand the restoration of all states, to their Rights,
U.S. HOUSE OF CONGRESS
STEP IN JEFF, TAKE A FRONT SEAT
The amnesty of political offenders;
Why he won't work without wages!
The restoration of the rightful power of the judiciary;
Subordinati
to the Civil
Democratic tactics
WE ARRAIGN THE ADMINISTRATION O
PEAC
REDUCED EXPENSE of the Govern
JUSTICE
KK
KKK
We demand, the reduction of the Army.
The accused
H. R. Woma
I guess we'll rub this out.
INDEBTED-NESS of the United States
5.20. Bonds
7.30.
LEGAL
NATIONAL
Currency
The Democratic party is in favor of the fulfillment of all legitimate contracts made by the Federal Government.
FREE TRADE
It is their duty to give freedom to commerce.
30,000,000. TAX. LEVY
RING
That the course of the executive, and administrative officers of this State, in enforcing economy and reforming abuses, commends itself to the approval of the Democracy!!!
The Democracy points with the Government
devotion to it's interests, their
and patriotism, And their unswerving
MADE


PLATFORM
inatio of the Military,
Civil ower,
FREEDMEN'S BUREAU. Closed
The abolition of the Freedmen's Bureau.
TAKE NOTICE. Persons committing murder and arson render themselves liable to confinement in prison. By order Wm Despot.
We arraign the administration for its indifference to the fate of American citizens, victims of foreign despotism,
U.S. HEADQUARTERS
And for its military dictation:
ON O GRANT AS FALSE TO ITS PLEDGES OF PEACE.
Democratic inspiration.
OLD TOM
PEACE WITH ALL THE WORLD
HIGH WAGES PLENTY of WORK
THE SOUTH PROSPEROUS 3,000,000. BALES of COTTON AND SELF SUPPORTING
59,000,000 of NATIONAL DEBT PAID OFF SINCE MARCH 4th
The unjust system by which a moneyed class is declared exempt - is a gross and constantly increasing abuse.
SAVINGS BANK
SPAR BANK
The Accuser
ents the history of their connection
ment for the record of their *
iation.
SLAVERY! NEW YORK RIOTERS
I spose dat ar means me!!!
That the 15th Amendment to the Constitution is intended to place the question of suffrage in the hands of the central powers.
Economy in Taxation
Purity of the Ballot.
A purer Judiciary.
Suppression of Crime.
Reformed Legislature.
15th Amendment.
Internal Improvements.
Resolved. - That the amended Constitution of this State does not commend itself to Democrats.
Hoffman by the grace of Tammany Governor of NEW YORK
ERIE R.R. DIRECTORY SWINDLE Signed J.T. Hof
TAX LEVY SWINDLE J.T.H.
Resolved. - That his Excellency the Honble John T. Hoffman, by the dignified and impartial manner in which he has discharged his official duties, has the hearty approval of the Democracy.
ir fidelity to its honor, their nationality
ng loyalty to the Constitution.
EASY.

BELOW THE HEIGHTS.

I sat at Berne, and watched the chain
  Of icy peaks and passes,
That towered like gods above the plain
  In stern majestic masses.

I waited till the evening light
  Upon their heads descended;
They caught it on their glittering height,
  And held it there suspended:

I saw the red spread o'er the white,
  Just like a maiden's blushing,
Till all were bathed in rosy light
  That seemed from heaven rushing:

The dead white snow was full of life,
  As if some huge Pygmalion
Had sought to find himself a wife
  In stones that saw Deucalion.

Too soon the light began to wane,
  Though lingering soft and tender,
And the snow-giants sank again
  Into their calm, dead splendor.

And, as I watched the last faint glow,
  I turned as pale as they did,
And sighed to think that on the snow
  The rose so quickly faded.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book II.

CHAPTER III.

IN MR. FROST'S SANCTUM.

Messrs. Frost and Lovegrove, solicitors, had their offices in a large old house in Bedford Square. The whole of the ground-floor was used for offices. In the upper part of the house lived the family of the junior partner.

The chief reason for selecting the locality of the offices—which did not sound, Mr. Lovegrove said, an altogether "professional" address—was that he might enjoy the advantage of residing at his place of business; of being, as he was fond of mentioning, "on the spot."

"That is exactly what I *don't* want," said Mr. Frost. And accordingly he inhabited a house at Bayswater.

But the Lovegroves, especially the female Lovegroves, declared in family conclave that Mr. Frost lived at Bayswater rather than at Bedford Square because Mrs. Frost deemed Bedford Square vulgar. She was reported to have asked where it was, with a vague air of wonder, as of an inquirer into the geography of Central Africa. And Augustus Lovegrove, Junior, the only son of the family, gave an imitation of Mrs. Frost setting out to visit her husband's office, furnished with a sandwich-case and a flask of sherry, as though for a long journey; and mimicked the tone of fashionable boredom in which she asked the coachman where one changed horses to go to Bedford Square. But that, said his sisters, was only Gus's fun.

In fact, there was a suppressed, but not the less deadly, feud between the houses of Frost and Lovegrove on all social points. In their business relations the two partners seldom jarred.

Mr. Frost was a much cleverer man than Mr. Lovegrove. He was also the better educated of the two, and nature had gifted him with a commanding person and an impressive address.

Mr. Lovegrove was a commonplace individual. He said of himself that he had a great power of sticking to business; and he said truly. Mr. Frost entirely appreciated his partner's solid and unobtrusive merits. He declared Lovegrove to be "a thoroughly safe, dependable fellow." And the flavor of patronage in his approbation was in no degree distasteful to Mr. Lovegrove.

In the office their respective qualities and acquirements were the complement of each other; and they agreed admirably. Out of the office their views were so dissimilar as to be antagonistic.

Mr. Lovegrove was a very devout High-Churchman, and shook his head gravely over Mr. Frost's want of orthodoxy. Indeed, to describe Mr. Frost's opinions as unorthodox was to characterize them with undue mildness. Mr. Frost was a confirmed skeptic, and his skepticism was nearly allied to cynicism.

There is a homely illustration, immortalized by the pen of a great modern writer, which may, perhaps, convey an idea of the state of Mr. Frost's mind.

In one of that great writer's well-known pages political reformers are warned, when they empty the dirty water out of the tub, not to send the baby whose ablutions have been made in it floating down the kennel likewise. Get rid of the dirty water, by all means; but—save the baby!

Now Mr. Frost, it was to be feared, had not saved the baby.

Then the women of the two families did not stand in amicable relations toward each other. Mrs. Lovegrove was envious of Mrs. Frost, and Mrs. Frost was disdainful of Mrs. Lovegrove.

The two husbands would occasionally remonstrate, each with the wife of his bosom, respecting this inconvenient, not to say reprehensible, state of things; and would openly, in marital fashion, wonder why the deuce the women were so spiteful and so silly!

"I wish, Georgy," Mr. Frost would say, "that you would behave with decent civility to Lovegrove's wife when you meet her. She does not come in your way often. I think it very selfish that you will not make the least effort to oblige me, when I have told you so often how serious an inconvenience it would be to me to have any coolness with Lovegrove."

"*Why* can't you get on with Mrs. Frost, Sarah?" Mr. Lovegrove would ask, gravely. "I and Frost never have a word together; and two more different men you would scarcely find."

But none the less did a feeling of animosity smoulder in the breasts of the two ladies. And perhaps the chief circumstance that prevented the feeling from breaking out into a blaze was the wide distance which separates Bayswater from Bedford Square.

At the latter place Mr. Frost had a little private room, the last and smallest of a suite of three, opening one within the other, which looked on to a smoke-blackened yard some five feet square. Mr. Frost had shut out the view of the opposite wall by the expedient of having his window-frame filled with panes of colored glass. This diminished the already scanty quantity of daylight that was admitted into the room. But Mr. Frost neither came to his office very early nor remained there very late; so that his work there was done during those hours of the day in which, when the sun shone at all, he sent his beams in through the red and purple panes of the window.

It was understood in the office that when Mr. Frost closed the outer one of the green-baize double doors which shut in his private room, he was not to be disturbed save on the most pressing and important business. So long as only the inner door remained closed, Mr. Frost was accessible to six-and-eightpence-yielding mortals. But when once the weight which usually kept the outer door open was removed, and the dark green portal had swung to, with a swift noiseless passage of the cords over their pulleys, then no clerk in the employ of the firm, scarcely even Mr. Lovegrove himself, willingly undertook the task of disturbing the privacy of the senior partner.

And yet one morning, soon after Hugh Lockwood's return to London, Mrs. Lockwood walked into the offices at Bedford Square, and required that Mr. Frost should be informed of her presence; despite the fact, carefully pointed out to her notice, that Mr. Frost's room was shut by the outer door; and that, consequently, Mr. Frost was understood to be particularly engaged.

"I feel sure that Mr. Frost would see me if you would be good enough to take in my name," said the little woman, looking into the face of the clerk who had spoken to her.

There was something almost irresistible in the composed certainty of her manner. Neither were the lady-like neatness of her dress, and the soft, sweet, refined tone of her voice, without their influence on the young man.

"Have you an appointment?" he asked, hesitating.

"Not precisely an appointment for this special morning. But I have frequently been admitted at this hour by Mr. Frost. If you will kindly take in my name to him, I am quite willing to assume the responsibility of disturbing him."

"Well, you see, ma'am, that's just what you *can't* do. The responsibility must be on my shoulders, whether it turns out that I am doing right or wrong. However, since you say that Mr. Frost has seen you at this time before—Perhaps you can give me a card to take in to him."

Mrs. Lockwood took a little note-book out of her pocket, tore off a blank page, and wrote on it with the neatest of tiny pencils, the initials Z. L.

"I have no card," she said, smiling; "but if you will show Mr. Frost that paper I think you will find that he will admit me."

The clerk disappeared, and returned in a few moments, begging the lady to step that way.

The lady did step that way, and the green-baize door closed silently behind her short, trim, black figure.

Mr. Frost was seated at a table covered with papers. On one side, and within reach of his hand, stood a small cabinet full of drawers. It was a handsome antique piece of furniture of inlaid wood, and would have seemed more suited to a lady's boudoir than to a lawyer's office. But there was in truth very little of what Mr. Lovegrove called "the shop" about the furniture or fittings of this tiny sanctum. The purple carpet was soft and rich, the walls were stained of a warm stone-color, and the two easy-chairs—the only seats which the small size of the room gave space for—were covered with morocco leather of the same hue as the carpet.

Over the chimney-piece hung a landscape; one of the blackest and shiniest that Wardour Street could turn out. Mr. Frost called it (and thought it) a Salvator Rosa.

The only technical belongings visible in the room were a few carefully-selected law books on a spare shelf near the window.

"Lovegrove does all the pounce and parchment business," Mr. Frost was wont to say, jocosely. "He likes it."

But no client who had ever sat in the purple morocco easy-chair opposite to Mr. Frost failed to discover that, however much that gentleman might profess to despise those outward and visible symbols of his profession which he characterized generically as pounce and parchment, yet he was none the less a keen, acute, practical, hard-headed lawyer.

Mr. Frost looked up from his papers as Mrs. Lockwood quietly entered the room.

His face wore a look of care, and almost of premature age; for his portly upright figure, perfectly dark hair, and vigor of movement betokened a man still in the prime of his strength. But his face was livid and haggard, and his eyebrows were surmounted by a complex series of wrinkles, which drew together in a knot, that gave him the expression of one continually and painfully at work in the solution of some weighty problem.

He rose and shook hands with Mrs. Lockwood, and then waved her to the chair opposite to his own.

"Tell me at once," he said, folding his hands before him on the table, and slightly bending forward as he addressed the widow, "if your business is really pressing. I scarcely think there is another person in London whom I would have admitted at this moment."

"My business *is* pressing, and I am much obliged to you," replied Mrs. Lockwood, looking at him steadily.

"You think, with your usual incredulity, that I had no real occupation when your visit interrupted me. Sometimes, I grant you, I shut myself in here for a little— Hah! I was going to say *peace!* for a little quiet, for leisure to think for myself, instead of hiring out my thinking faculties to other people. But to-day it was not so. Look here!"

He pointed to the mass of papers under his hand (on the announcement of Mrs. Lockwood's approach he had thrown a large sheet of blotting-paper over them), and fluttered them rapidly with his fingers. "I have been going through these, and was only half-way when you came."

"Bills?" said Mrs. Lockwood.

"Some bills, and some— Yes; chiefly bills. But they all need looking at."

As he spoke he thrust them aside with a careless gesture, which half hid them once more under the blotting-paper.

Mrs. Lockwood's observant eyes had perceived that one of them bore the heading of a fashionable milliner's establishment.

"I am sorry," she said, "to interrupt the calculation of your wife's bonnet bills; but I really must intrude my prosaic business on your notice."

"What a bitter little weed you are, Zillah!" rejoined Mr. Frost, leaning back in his chair and regarding her thoughtfully.

"*You* have no right to say so."

"The best right; for I know you. I don't complain—"

"Oh! you don't complain!" she echoed, with a short, soft laugh.

"No," he proceeded; "I do not complain that your tongue is steeped in wormwood sometimes; for I know that you have not found life full of honey. Neither have I, Zillah. If you knew my anxieties, my sleepless nights, my—But you would not believe me, even if I had time and inclination to talk about myself. What is it that you want with me this morning?"

"I want my money."

"Have you come here to say that?"

"That's the gist of what I have come to say. I put it crudely, because shortly. But you and I know very well that that is always the burden of the tale."

"Do you expect me to take out a pocket-book full of bank-notes and hand them to you across the table like a man in a play? But," he added, after a momentary struggle with his own temper, "it is worse than useless for us to jangle. You are too sensible a woman to have come here merely for the pleasure of dunning me. Tell me what has induced you to take this step?"

"I desired to speak with you. To the first note I sent you, asking you to call in Gower Street, I got no answer—"

"I was engaged day and night at the time. I meant to come to you as soon as I had an hour's leisure."

"To the second note you replied that you were going out of town for three days."

"It was quite true. I only got back last night."

"And therefore I came here this morning."

"Has any thing new happened?"

"Something new is always happening. Hugh is bent on setting up for himself. His father's friends in the country have urged him to do so."

"It would be folly on his part to leave Digby and West for the next year or so. I give this opinion just as I should if I were asked for advice by a perfect stranger. *You* doubtless think that I am actuated by some underhand motive."

"No; I do not think so. And, moreover, I should agree with you in your opinion, if I did not know that Hugh is entitled to a sum of money which would suffice to make the experiment he contemplates a judicious instead of a rash one."

"I do not see that."

"Hugh, at all events, has the right to judge for himself."

"And you have the right to influence his judgment."

"Sometimes I am tempted—nay, often, very often, I am tempted—to tell Hugh every thing, and let him fight his own fight. I am so tired of it!"

"Tell him, then!" ejaculated Mr. Frost, impatiently. "I, too, am weary, God knows!"

"You have the power to put an end to your weariness and to my importunities. Do me justice. After all, I am but claiming what is my own."

"It is your own. I know it. I have never sought to deny it. You can not say that I have."

He rose with a quick, irritable movement from his chair, and stood leaning against the mantle-piece, with his back to the empty grate.

"Then why not restore it at once, and end this weary business?"

"Surely you must understand that such a sum is not to be had at a moment's notice!"

"A moment's notice! How many years is it since you promised me that it should be restored as soon as Hugh came of age?"

"I know, I know. But during this last year or two there have been embarrassments, and—and—difficulties."

Mrs. Lockwood leaned her head on her hand and looked up at him. "Do you know," she said, slowly, "what I begin to be afraid of? That you have been telling me the truth lately, and that you really are in pecuniary difficulties!"

The blood rushed darkly over the lawyer's face, but he met her look with a smile and an ironical raising of the eyebrows.

"Upon my word," he said, "you are civil—and ingenious! You begin to be 'afraid that I have been telling you the truth!' I presume you have hitherto supposed that I kept your cash in hard, round, yellow sovereigns, locked up in a box, and that I had nothing to do but to take them out whenever I chose and hand them over to you! I am sorry that I can not altogether dissipate your apprehensions. I *have* been telling you the truth, but, nevertheless, your money is safe!"

The air of superiority in the man, his voice and bearing, were not without their effect on Mrs. Lockwood. She faltered a moment. Then she said, "You can at least name some time for a settlement, can you not? Give me some fixed date to look forward to. I have been very patient."

"Look here, Zillah, I have a very advantageous thing in view. It will be highly lucrative, if it comes off as I anticipate. It has been proposed to me to go abroad in the character of legal adviser to a very wealthy and powerful English company, and—"

"To go abroad!"

"Temporarily. For a few months merely. It is a question of obtaining a concession for some important works from the Italian government. If the affair succeeds, I shall be in a position not only to pay you back your own—*that*," he added, watching her face, "is a matter of course in any case—but to advance Hugh's prospects very materially. Will you have a little more patience and a little more faith, and wait until the winter?"

"Six months?" said Mrs. Lockwood, wearily.

"Yes; six months. Say six months! And meanwhile— As for Hugh, since he knows nothing, he will be suffering no suspense."

"Hugh? No, thank God! If it had been a question of subjecting my son instead of myself to the grinding of hope deferred, the matter should have been settled in one way or the other years ago!"

Mr. Frost looked at the small, frail figure before him; at the pale, delicate-featured face, framed in its soft gray curls; and he wondered at the strength of resolution to endure that was expressed in every curve of her mouth, in the firmness of her attitude as she stood with her little nervous hands clasped in front of her, in the steadiness of the dark eyes whose setting was so worn and tear-stained.

"Good-by, Zillah," he said, taking her hand; "I will come to Gower Street soon."

"Yes; you had better come. Hugh misses you. He wants to talk to you about his plans, he says."

"I shall give him the advice I told you—to stay with Digby and West for at least another year on the terms they offer. Bless my life, it is no such hardship! What hurry is there for him to undertake the responsibilities and cares of a professional man who has, or thinks he has," added Mr. Frost, hastily correcting himself, "nothing in the world to depend upon but his own exertions?"

Mrs. Lockwood made as though she were about to speak, and then checked herself with a little, quick sigh.

"Zillah!" said Mr. Frost, taking again the hand he had relinquished, and bending down to look into her face, "there *is* something new! You have not told me all that is in your mind."

"Because what is in my mind on this subject is all vague and uncertain. But I fancy—I think—that Hugh has fallen in love."

"Ah, you are like the rest of the women, and put your real meaning into the postscript. I *knew* there was something you had to say."

"I did not mean to say it at all. It is only a surmise—"

"I have considerable faith in the accuracy of your surmises; and it furnishes a likely enough motive for Hugh's hot haste to make himself a place in the world. Can you guess at the woman?"

"I know her. She is a girl of barely eighteen. She lives in my house."

"What! that Lady—Lady—"

"Lady Tallis Gale's niece, Miss Desmond."

"Stay! Where did I hear of her? Oh, I have it! Lovegrove is trustee under her mother's will. She has a mere pittance secured to her out of the wreck of her father's fortune. Besides, those kind of people, though they may be almost beggars, would, ten to one, look down on your son from the height of their family grandeur. This girl's father was one of the Power-Desmonds, a beggarly, scatter-brained, spendthrift, Irish—gentleman! I dare say the young lady has been taught to be proud of her (probably hypothetical) descent from a savage inferior to a Zulu Kaffir."

"Very likely. But your eloquence is wasted on me. You should talk to Hugh. I'm afraid he has set his heart on this."

"Set his heart! Hugh is—how old? Three-and-twenty?"

"Hugh will be twenty-five in August."

"Ah! Think of a woman of your experience talking of a young fellow of that age having 'set his heart' on any thing! No doubt he has 'set his heart.' And how many times will it be set and unset again before he is thirty?"

"God forbid that Hugh should be such a man as some whom my experience has taught me to know!"

"Humph! Just now this love on which Hugh has 'set his heart' was a mere surmise on your part. Now you declare it to be a serious and established fact, and 'God forbid' it should not be!"

"When will you come?" asked Mrs. Lockwood, disregarding the sneer.

"I will come to-morrow evening if *I can.* You know that my time is not mine to dispose of."

"True. But it is sometimes easier to dispose of that which belongs to other people than of one's own rightful property, is it not?"

With this Parthian dart Mrs. Lockwood disappeared, gliding noiselessly out of the small room through the next chamber, and acknowledging by a modest, quiet little bend of the head the respectful alacrity of the clerk who had first admitted her, in rising to open the door for her exit.

WILD-FOWL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Our illustration on page 716 represents a scene which Mr. Thomas Baines (a gentleman who has spent several years in traveling through the region of the Zambesi River) saw in November, 1864—a multitude of flamingoes, pelicans, and duikers on the sand-spit dividing Sandwich Harbor from the sea. It should be observed that many of the harbors on the shores of Southwest Africa are formed by the prevalent southeast wind drifting from any projecting point a constant cloud of sand, and depositing it so as to form a shoal, between which and the shore is a sheltered bay, where vessels of moderate burden may lie in perfect quiet while the surf breaks furiously outside this apparently frail barrier. Walvisch (or Whalefish) Bay and Sandwich Harbor are of this class, and the lagoons and shallows of each are frequented by duikers, or cormorants, pelicans, and flamingoes. The duikers are so numerous that a flock of these birds wheeling in mazy evolutions over the bay or settling on the beach darkens a space of ground half a mile or more in extent. The flamingoes, wading to a uniform depth, form regular lines along the curve of the beach, like regiments of soldiers; or, when disturbed, rise in the air like a flickering roseate cloud, dazzling with intense brilliancy under the unclouded sun. Some of the smaller species of flamingoes which are found more inland are entirely of a deep and beautiful crimson. The kind usually found along the shore has crimson wings, white neck with a delicate flush of pink, and pink or light crimson beak and legs. The bird shown in the foreground of our engraving has not yet attained its perfect plumage. Its wings are marked with brown, just beginning to give place to the crimson; its beak is pale blue, and its legs are slate-color. A thorn-backed shark, some parts of the skeleton of a whale, and a few shells are seen lying on the beach.

"HESITATION."

Sweet seventeen! Poets have sung about it—painters have painted it, or tried to paint it; musicians have thrummed pæans of praise to it on their harps, sackbuts, psalteries, banjos, and all kinds of instruments; cowards have fled its too-palpitating influences; warriors have trembled before its exacting charms. What wonder, then, that one poor simple youth—like the one depicted in our illustration on page 717—should feel his honest heart sink when the moment arrives in which he is to learn his fate?—too bashful to look in the glass, and see reflected there the half-coy, half-impudent face that bids him come if he dare, and yet entreats him to dare to come, filled with strange wonderment that the old father should cheer him on and bid him not be such a fool, as though he had forgotten his own fool's days, when the plump old lady beside him was much such another skittish maiden. She has not forgotten it; for in her encouragement of the bashful lover there is a touch of proud remembrance of the time when she, too, hesitated; and, knowing that hesitation was torture, yet prolonged the pain for the sake of the triumph. It will be all over presently, for there is a courage on that youthful brow which, when he is within arm's-length, will carry him on till there shall be the reflections of two faces in that one small looking-glass, and then hesitation will be over, and by one word the life-history of both will be fixed.

A LEOPARD HUNT WITH FOX-HOUNDS.

Ootacamund, the principal sanitarium of Southern India, has a great advantage over the Himalayan stations, being situated in the midst of an extensive plateau, instead of being perched amidst precipices like Simla. To the west of Ootacamund, which occupies nearly the centre of a plateau of thirty square miles, stretch the vast undulating downs, covered with a turf so strong and coarse, and affording such unfailing foothold, that, even in the wettest weather, a horse may safely be ridden at speed along the steepest hill-sides, which are unbroken even by a mole-hill. A few small thick woods, dotted over these slopes, harbor innumerable jackals, regular mountaineers, strong-limbed and long-winded. The Madras fox-hounds, which are necessarily sent away from the plains during the hot season, from March till October, have been this year engaged for that time by the Ootacamundians, and have been meeting twice a week. They have given good sport and acquitted themselves very creditably, in spite of the difficulties involved in the fact that to view eight or ten jackals in an hour is by no means an uncommon occurrence. A fair number of victims have, nevertheless, been pulled down in full career, or ignominiously dragged from earths; and "Jack," though not possessing, perhaps, the pluck of an English fox, will often give a smart run of twenty to forty minutes, very different from his namesake on the plains. But our illustration is from a sketch furnished by a local correspondent, who took a part, on June 22, in a most extraordinary run, which has excited the wonder of all the Anglo-Indian sportsmen. The hounds had run down a jackal and killed him in the Nungenad Valley, and the only persons with them were Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Atkins, and the huntsman, when a fine full-grown leopard suddenly darted from the thicket, and away went every dog full cry after this strange object of chase. They soon came up with the animal, seized him, and rolled him over; but he punished some of them with his teeth and claws. He broke from them, and got into a copse, with a brook at the bottom, where the hounds again caught him, and he then turned at bay. Thirteen couple of them, having got deep into the thicket, were quite out of sight, while the barking, yelping, and howling of the dogs, and the furious growling of the leopard, told of the conflict going on. The huntsman, and several gentlemen who had by this time come up, endeavored in vain to call off the pack, which is of the Pytchley breed, and is too valuable to be exposed to the risks of such an encounter. After the efforts of half an hour the hounds were got out. None of them were killed, but several were badly bitten. Guns were meantime sent for, and Mr. Atkins made two good shots at the leopard, crippling him with the first and killing him with the second.

CHARLES READE'S IDEAL WOMAN.

There is, perhaps, no writer of equal eminence who has so clearly shown the character and principles of his genius from the very beginning of his career. "Peg Woffington," his earliest work, is at once an epitome and adumbration of all he has done. Mr. Reade's *repertoire* is limited. He has one brilliant, splendid woman, full of noble instincts, of passion and generosity, and pride and humbleness, who is his delight, and whom he can not too often reproduce; and he has another simple, tender, wise, feminine creature who is the rival, the conqueror, the defender, the only being who fully comprehends the first; and between these two he has a fancy for placing a very weak, sometimes contemptible, man. This is but a small circle, yet it is wide enough to give occasion for many exquisite contrasts and telling scenes. Such a limitation is no doubt a weakness in point of art; but we doubt much whether it is not an additional charm to the ordinary reader, who arrives but slowly at a perception of character, and requires to have it impressed upon him by many repetitions. The favorite conceptions of our novelist—his Mrs. Woffington, his Christie Johnstone, his Kate, are all more or less repetitions, with changes of costume and accessories, of one idea. It is the very ideal of womankind, according to what Mr. Mill would call the imperfect and depraved conditions which are all that has been permitted it since the beginning of the world; a being full of power, and brilliancy, and daring, and intuitive perception—full, indeed, of what we can describe only as genius, in distinction from the more manageable and practical talents of ordinary life—ready to jump at the truth, however concealed; but, at the same time, not above the deceptions of society, or those benevolent tricks which a fertile imagination suggests for the management and well-being of others; a creature equal to any emergency, rising with high, nervous valor to any danger; able to brace herself for every necessary exertion, and to do whatsoever may be demanded with sufficient energy from her hands. Something of Rosalind, something of Imogen, is in this fine conception—yet it is original, and has never been set forth in the same fullness by any other. That Mr. Dickens never dreamed of such a being, nor even the broader intelligence of Thackeray, nor the more courtly and more diversified genius of Lord Lytton, it is unnecessary to say. Mr. Reade has made this woman; he has clothed her, not in weakness, as has been the wont of romancists, but in beautiful power and strength, the fullness of health and vigor, bodily and mental. He has set her forth not as a passive, but an active being, able to do almost any thing she puts her hand to, and encumbered by no miserable timidity or self-consciousness, though white and splendid with natural modesty. Whatever she touches takes a certain grace; her comings and her goings impress themselves on all minds; she is the centre of the picture wherever she appears. And then how fine is the discrimination between what this noble creature can do and what she can not! She can labor with a man's energy and boldness; she can take fortune at the tide; she can save lives and win hearts. But she can not sway some one weak, selfish soul about her, can not make it noble like herself, nor take away from it the faithful affections of which it is unworthy. Every thing else she can do, but this she can not. Her faithfulness is proof against her own clear sight and discrimination. Such is Peg Woffington, the actress; such is Christie Johnstone, the fishwoman; and such is Kate Gaunt. Each is perfectly true to her surroundings and to her age. There is, so to speak, no resemblance between them; their costume is varied with all the skill of consummate art; they think as becomes their different stations and periods, without the slightest confusion of identity; and yet they are one. Perhaps—such a thing is possible—had the author concentrated his powers on one production of his favorite character, something more effective still might have been the result. But we should be very reluctant to be put to it which of the trio we would part with. Not Christie, the pride of Newhaven; and not the brave, sweet, gay, infinitely gifted actress. If one were to be sacrificed, Kate, we think, would have the least hold on our hearts. And yet how noble is Kate in her virtues and her errors, her boldness, her fears, her miserable mistakes, and suffering! The woman walks through the book, with her grand stature and stately grace, winning us, enchanting us, offending us, like a real creature. The reader feels disposed to pause, and warn, and remonstrate, and bid her look well what she is about. Harm will come of it! we call out to her unconsciously; and she knows it—half hears us—yet is swept on. What a woman! If there were many like her, how poor would all Mr. Mill's pleas for equality sound (as, Heaven knows, without that they sound poor enough)! Equal! to the good-natured lout by her side, whom she condescends to love! One might as well speak of equality between the lion and the ass, or between the pole-star and a smoky lantern. This is the thing of all others which Mr. Reade has done best; and we know not one of his contemporaries, and few of his predecessors, who have given such an idea to the world.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Father Hyacinthe arrived in this port on the 18th of October on the steamer *Pereire.* He sailed October 9. The passage was made in eight days and sixteen hours—the shortest transatlantic trip on record. In our editorial columns last week we gave a history of the conflict between Father Hyacinthe and his Superior. This conflict seems to have been continued for several years. Even in 1862 he was restricted by instructions from his superiors, against which, however, he sometimes rebelled. During that year, in a discourse delivered by him in the Church of St. Nizier, at Lyons, there was a notable instance of this. In his sermon Father Hyacinthe confined himself at first entirely within the limits of the instructions given him by his superiors. The commencement of his discourse was cold and unimpassioned, and failed to excite any enthusiasm in his audience. Suddenly, however, he followed his own inspiration, and uttered an eloquent apostrophe on the want of brotherly love in the present assembly and in the Church, and on the universal selfishness which prevailed in its place. This latter portion of his discourse caused no little surprise, and was the subject of much comment. In a second sermon he announced quite plainly a preference for morality over dogma. "I have wandered over the world," he said, "and have every where found only germs of intelligence, and atoms of understanding. I have entered the cloister, and have there only met with abortive saints." The Archbishop of Lyons, Cardinal Bonald, heard this sermon preached, and was highly offended at it. In the first burst of his indignation he sent for Father Hyacinthe, and forbade him to preach in any church of his diocese. The urgent representations of the highest society in Lyons induced him to withdraw this prohibition. He again sent for Father Hyacinthe, and in a mild and uncommonly forbearing manner put before him the harm he would do to the Church if he went on with his violent attacks upon it. Father Hyacinthe could not resist this friendly address, and promised to control himself in future. It was not until lately that he found himself unable to keep this promise any longer.

Before his departure for this country Father Hyacinthe gave sittings to Miss Vinnie Ream for a medallion.

Who has a desire to understand what first-class Chinese music is like? The editor of a San Francisco paper has attended a Chinese theatre for the purpose of ascertaining, and thus enlightens the public: "Imagine yourself in a boiler manufactory when four hundred men are putting in rivets, a mammoth tin-shop next door on one side, and a forty-stamp quartz mill upon the other, with a drunken charivari party with six hundred instruments in front, four thousand enraged cats on the roof, and a faint idea will be conveyed of the performance of a first-class Chinese band of music."

In Cambridge, Massachusetts, fifty families propose to try co-operative housekeeping, on a capital of ten thousand dollars. Culinary, laundry, and sewing departments will be organized, and the scheme gives fair promise of being successful. It is said Professor Blot will have general charge of the kitchen.

In Hartford, Connecticut, another plan is suggested to make housekeeping cares lighter. It is proposed to erect a building about 150 feet long by 80 deep, having a basement, four full stories, and an attic. On each story there would be six complete suits of rooms, with apartments conveniently and tastefully planned. In the basement would be a kitchen and restaurant; and the apartments being rented to families, they can take their meals in the restaurant or have them sent to their rooms. The owner of the building should have general supervision of every thing, and provide all things at reasonable cost. Thus every family would have its home, and yet escape many of the cares of housekeeping. It is very evident that in the course of the next quarter of a century various systems will be devised, by which many of the annoyances now incident to housekeeping will be removed, and yet the *home* be preserved.

Vishnu, a god of the Hindoos, has very much startled his worshipers of late, by whirling past them at night on a celestial wheel, swift as a flash of lightning. Those who are so irreverent as not to believe in Vishnu, however, declare that this celestial wheel is the property of an English gentleman who is ambitious to be the first velocipede rider under an Asiatic sun: but finding the heat oppressive by day, exercises upon his bicycle at night, illuminating his path by a lantern.

We are interested in the fate of the poor wretch who fell a victim to the belle who went this last summer to the White Sulphur Springs under a vow to accept the man who made her the hundredth offer of marriage. She kept her resolution, so the story goes. But who was the man? What was his name? And hasn't he wished before this time that he was one of the ninety-and-nine?

Presence of mind prevented a fearful accident on the Fort Wayne Railroad, near Jackson, Michigan, a short time ago. On Sunday a train was sent out from the dépôt for some special purpose, and it rushed full speed round a curve to a bridge six hundred feet long. Instantly the engineer reversed the engine, for he saw a man with his wife and two children on the narrow portion of the bridge, where it is just wide enough for a train to pass, about midway of its length. Catching up the children in his arms, the man told his wife to run toward the end of the bridge, until the train should reach her, and then jump into the water. She did as directed, and when she felt the hot breath of the iron monster she jumped from the bridge, fortunately alighting in not more than two feet of water, and the train passed her in safety. The father could not run with the little ones, but he coolly and steadily, in the face of the approaching train, lowered himself with them to a brace beneath the bed timbers, and there held them fast within a few feet of the water, while the train came thundering over them. Near the centre of the bridge the exertions of the engineer and brakeman effected the stoppage of the train, and their assistance was rendered to extricate the frightened family from their yet very perilous position.

The Hippodrome in Paris, which was recently destroyed by fire, was an immense building of pine wood, which contained seats for spectators, but the ring had no covering but the sky. The conflagration was terrific, and illumined all Paris, literally turning night into day. The Hippodrome itself was not an expensive structure, but many other buildings in the vicinity were consumed.

Our readers may not be aware that in Jamaica Nature herself supplies us with marking-ink. The large round seeds of the avocado, or alligator pear (*Persea Gratissima*)—whence its name I have never been able to discover—contain a great quantity of tannin, and cloth stretched over one, and picked through with a pin, becomes marked as effectually as with marking-ink. The pear itself is one of the greatest delicacies of the West Indies, and is eaten either as a vegetable or a fruit; in the former case with pepper and salt, and in the latter with sherry and sugar. In its character of a vegetable it is an admirable substitute for fresh butter.

The London *Athenæum* says: "Lord Byron's complete works for 9*d*. are selling at book-stalls like herrings in a plentiful season. Another consequence of the scandal which has introduced the subject of incest to the attention of young persons is a forthcoming cheap edition of the Countess Guiccioli's 'Recollections of the Poet.' It will be a six-shilling volume. The lady's recollections of her late eccentric husband, M. de Boissy, would not be a bad book. He was a frank man, and used to introduce his wife as 'La Marquise De Boissy ma femme, ancienne maitresse de Byron.'"

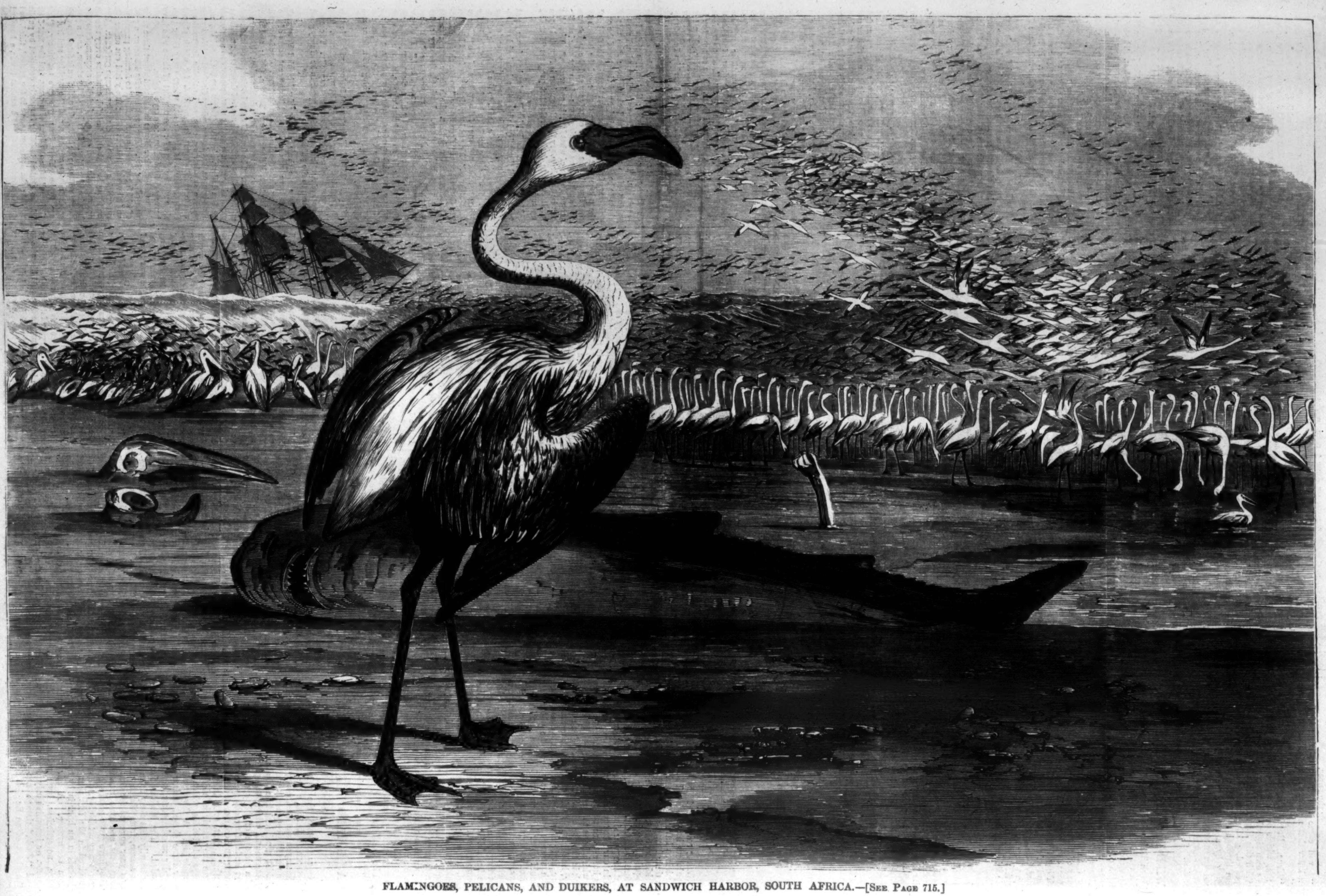
Archbishop Manning, of England, recently delivered a discourse at Kensington, in which he said that modern civilization was a state of society "founded upon divorce, secular education, infinite divisions and contradictions in matters of religion, and the absolute renunciation of the supreme authority of the Christian Church." He thus interprets the Pope's attitude, as refusing to reconcile himself to Liberalism, progress, and modern civilization: "No, I will not, and I can not. Your progress means divorce; I maintain Christian marriage. Your progress means secular education; I maintain that education is intrinsically and necessarily Christian. You maintain that it is a good thing that men should think as they like, talk as they like, preach as they like, and propagate what errors they please. I say that it is sowing error broadcast over the world. You say I have no authority over the Christian world, that I am not the vicar of the Good Shepherd, that I am not the supreme interpreter of the Christian Faith. I am all these. You ask me to abdicate, to renounce my supreme authority. You tell me I ought to submit to the civil power, that I am the subject of the King of Italy, and from him I am to receive instructions as to the way I should exercise the civil power. I say I am liberated from all civil subjection, that my Lord made me the subject of no one on earth, king or otherwise; that in His right I am sovereign. I acknowledge no civil superior, I am the subject of no prince, and I claim more than this—I claim to be the supreme judge and director of the consciences of men—of the peasant that tills the field and the prince that sits on the throne—of the household that lives in the shade of privacy and the legislature that makes laws for kingdoms—I am the sole last Supreme Judge of what is right and wrong." Would it not be as fair to say that Romanism is founded upon adultery as to declare Protestant progress "founded upon divorce."

Mr. Gladstone, the British Premier, has shown great boldness and liberality in his educational and ecclesiastical appointments. He has recently promoted the Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., to the bishopric of Exeter. Dr. Temple has been head-master of Rugby for ten years, and was one of the writers of the "Essays and Reviews." He not long since appointed Mr. Seeley, the author of "Ecce Homo," to the chair of Modern History at Cambridge. Both these appointments have provoked censure. Lord Shaftesbury styles "Ecce Homo" "the most mischievous book that was ever vomited from the jaws of hell." Professor Seeley is distinguished by high character and great ability. He is an eminent classic, a man of wide culture, a thinker of considerable power, a student of history in the loftiest sense of the word, and a writer who can express his meaning with force and vividness.

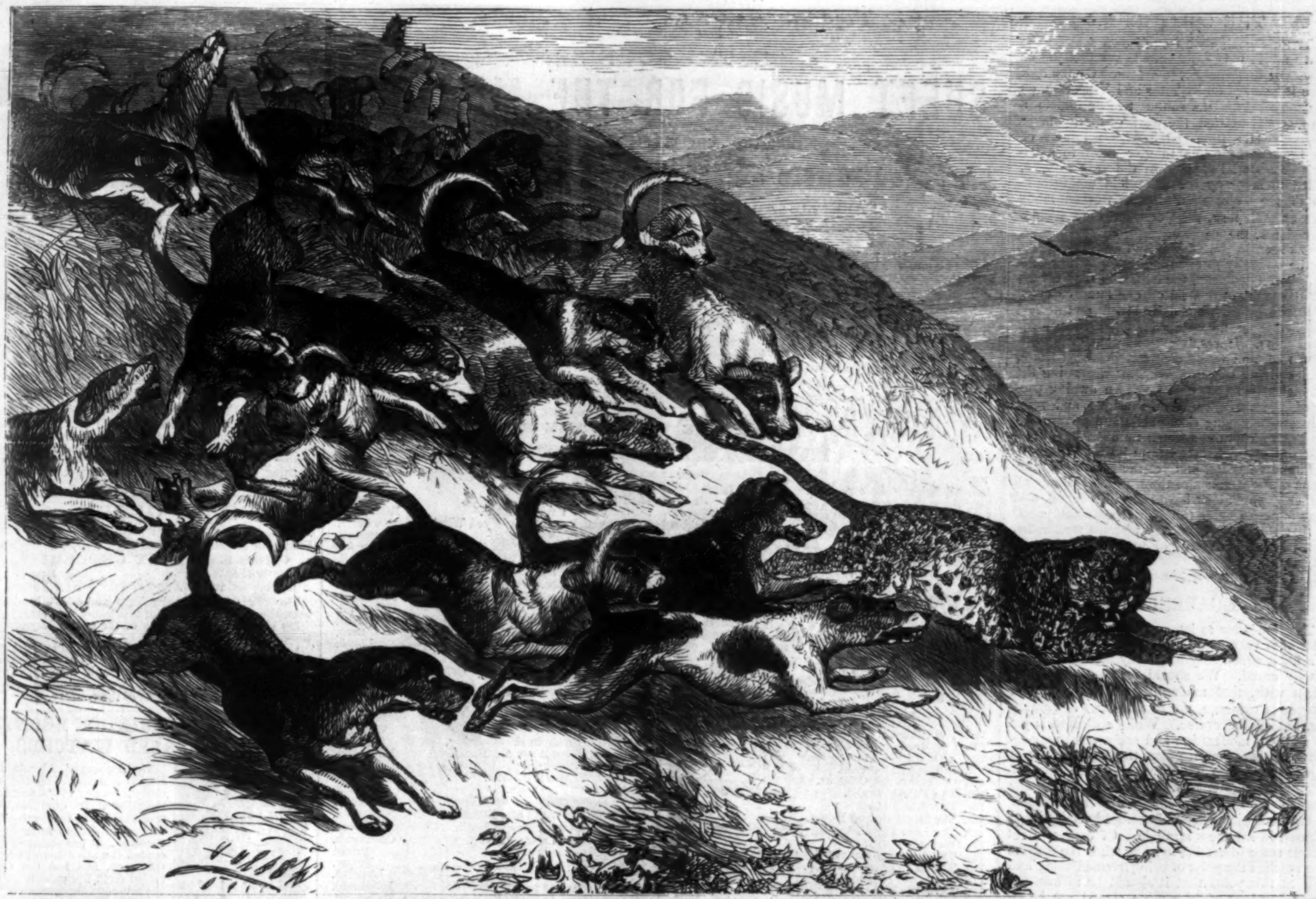
Captain C. F. Hall's lecture at Steinway Hall, in this city, on the evening of October 18, was a success. The hall was filled nearly to its utmost capacity. These accounts of Arctic discoveries appear to be of very great interest to the public.

There are three "Homes for Disabled Veterans" which have been established in different parts of the country since the close of the civil war. One is located at Augusta, Maine; one at Dayton, Ohio; and one, which has very recently been dedicated, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The fund of these institutions consists of military fines and forfeitures of deserters, unclaimed pay and pensions; and it now amounts to nearly ten million dollars. These asylums are not hospitals, nor alms-houses, but *homes*, where disabled soldiers may receive subsistence, care, and suitable instruction; where employment is provided, for which proper compensation is given; and where every thing possible will be done for the comfort of those who have bravely defended our country's rights.

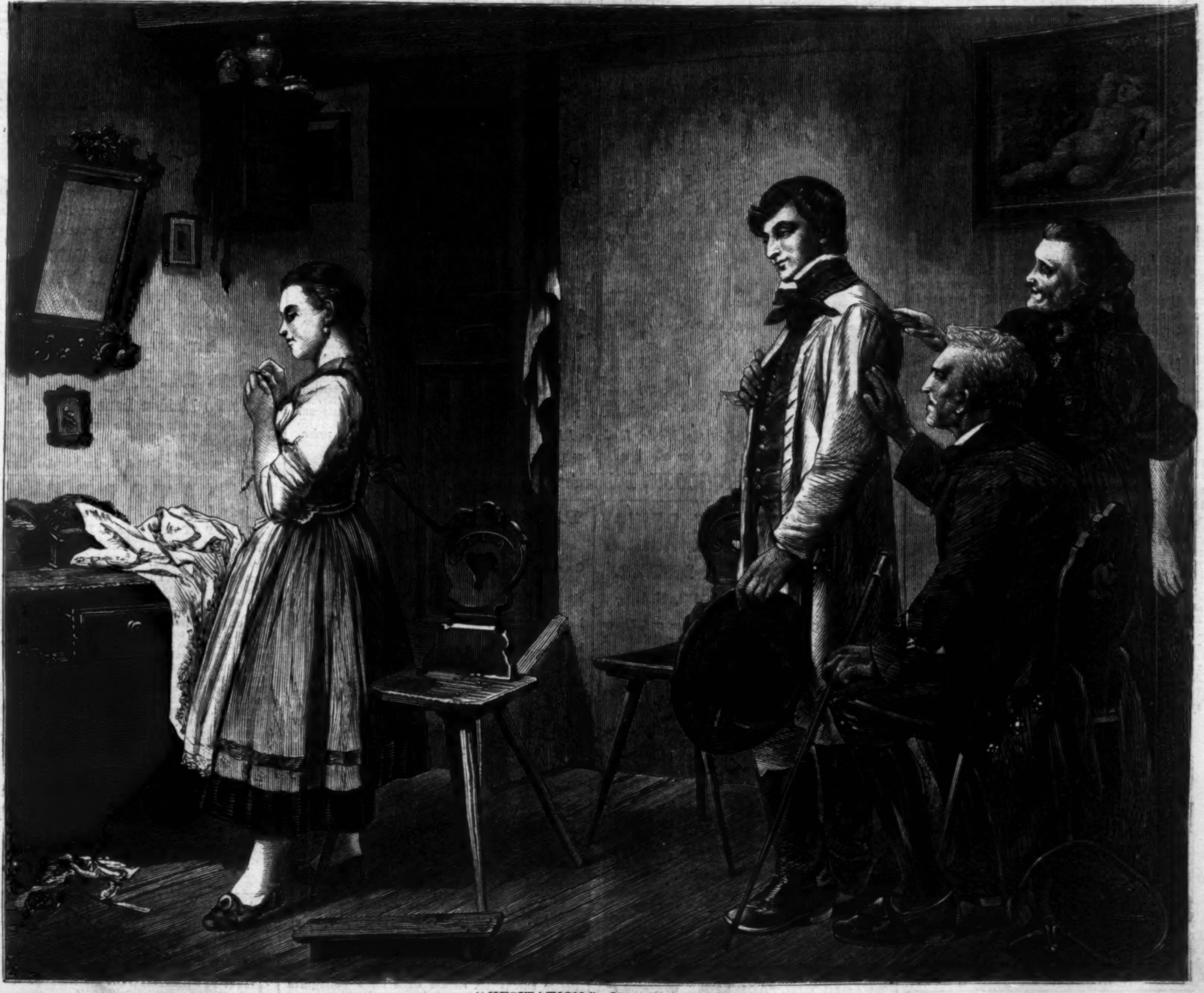
The Milwaukee Home is situated about three miles west of the city. The park includes 425 acres, a part of which has been appropriated to farming purposes, and the remainder is being finely laid out under the supervision of a competent landscape gardener. The building is neat and tasteful, contains every needed convenience, and can comfortably accommodate five hundred inmates. It is heated by steam, and a gas-house will soon be built. The kitchen is fitted up with modern improvements, and the washing and ironing are to be chiefly done by steam machinery. The "Home" is in the form of a cross, and the first-floor of the central building is mostly occupied by public rooms; the dormitories are in the second, third, and fourth stories. There is a central tower, a hundred and fifty feet high, which affords a fine view of the surrounding country.



FLAMINGOES, PELICANS, AND DUIKERS, AT SANDWICH HARBOR, SOUTH AFRICA.—[See Page 715.]



A LEOPARD HUNT WITH FOX-HOUNDS IN SOUTHERN INDIA.—[See Page 715.]



"HESITATION."—[See Page 715.]

THE COLOSSEUM.

WITHOUT gazing with one's own eyes on the mighty fabric it is impossible to comprehend its vastness or its grandeur as a ruin. On the spot where it was reared by Titus and Vespasian, on their return from the conquest of Jerusalem, a lake formerly existed, the work of the infamous Nero. Twelve thousand Jewish prisoners of war, brought to Rome to give éclat to a triumph of imperial dignity, in the year A.D. 72, goaded to labor by the whip, laid the foundation of the Colosseum. They worked many years at their task, till Vespasian died. Their descendants, the poor, crushed, despised Jews, may be seen in the Ghetto by any traveler who has the curiosity to examine that quarter of the city. Titus dedicated the edifice in the year 80, and the inauguration lasted one hundred days. Fifty wild beasts were daily killed, and no less than five thousand were slaughtered in combats in the arena. It was four stories high, oval, without a roof, and would seat comfortably 87,000, besides giving standing-room for witnessing the spectacles for 22,000 more. An awning protected the audience from sunshine and rain. Palaces of amazing size, public and private edifices, and structures without number, have been built out of brick taken from its walls for several hundred years, and yet the remaining mass is one of the wonders of the world. Happily all further depredations have been interdicted, and some attempts made to repair the weakest parts, so that the Colosseum may perhaps remain intact, ruin as it is, one or two thousand years longer.

QUARRELING.

THE tendency to let any dispute drift into a quarrel is very much a matter of habit; but it is a habit which may be greatly modified, if not wholly cured. We should teach ourselves, to begin with, that moderation in language and temper is evidence, not of weakness of character, but of the reverse. While a dispute is yet in embryo, moderation and self-control may remove it; but when it passes that stage—when it is developed into a quarrel—then all hope of setting the matter to rights is at an end. The prudent man will now simply withdraw himself from the affair, instead of needlessly embittering himself in a useless struggle. Of course, it requires some discretion to know when the dispute has reached the point of being irremediable; and it is at this point that it should be thrown up. Considerations of false pride should not be allowed to interfere. No matter how just your cause is, there is nothing to be gained by declaiming against the injustice of an obdurate opponent, who sees only right on his side. A man ought to study the history and development of former quarrels in which he has been engaged, in order to see how resultless they were, and what an enormous waste of time and temper they involved. He will see the misunderstanding grow more definite, until it reaches that stage at which it is impossible to remove it without the most heroic abnegation on one side or the other. He will perceive that neither side is willing to take the lead in coming to an arrangement. The cause of dispute becomes, by argument, bigger. Each disputant is now more confirmed in his notions. By-and-by, they are not so anxious to prove themselves in the right as to punish each other for being quarrelsome and causing annoyance. The original ground of quarrel is lost sight of in this sense of mutual injury. They are angry with each other because each has quarreled, and the quarrel is continued out of revenge. How does it end? Time, the great pacifier, smooths down their wrath; but look at all they have suffered and lost in the interim! It is fortunate, indeed, if one or other perceives the obvious lesson, and resolves thenceforth to abandon any dispute which reaches the irretrievable and merely recriminatory stage.

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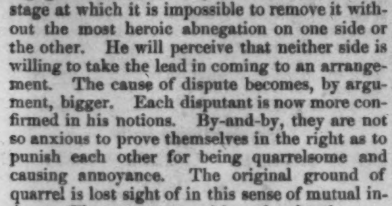

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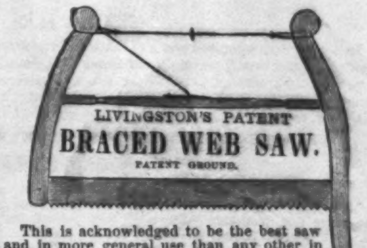

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